R. R. R.
DWAY'S
DY RELIEF
THE WORST PAINS IN
E TO TWENTY MINUTES.
ONE HOUR
ng this advertisement need any one
FFER WITH PAIN!
ay's Ready Relief
URE FOR EVERY PAIN.
WAS THE FIRST AND IS
ONLY PAIN REMEDY
stops the most excruciating pain, allays
and cures Congestion, whether of the
, Bowels, or other glands or organs by
One to Twenty Minutes,
violent or excruciating the pain the
Bed-ridden, Infirm, Crippled, Ner-
, or prostrated with disease may suffer.
RADWAY'S
DY RELIEF
FFORD INSTANT EASE.
of the kidneys, Inflammation of the
ammation of the Bowels, Congestion
s, Sore Throat, Difficult Breathing,
on of the Heart, Hysterics, Croup,
ris, Catarrh, Influenza, Head-
Toothache, Neuralgia, Rheu-
atism, Cold Chills, Ague
Chills, Chilblains and
Frost Bites.
on of the READY RELIEF to the part
the pain or difficulty exists will afford
rt.
ty drops in half a tumbler of water will
its cure Cramps, Spasms, Sour
Heartburn, Sick Headache,
, Dysentery, Colic, Wind in
, and all Internal Pains.
should always carry a bottle of RAD-
DY RELIEF with them. A few drops
revent sickness or pains from change of
han French Brandy or Bitters as a stim-
ER AND AGUE.
D AGUE cured for fifty cents. There
ial agent in this world that will cure
ue, and all other Malarious, Bilious,
ol, Yellow, and other Fever (aided by
PILLS,) so quick as RADWAY'S
IEF. Fifty cents per bottle.
LTH! BEAUTY!
D PURE RICH BLOOD—INCREASE
SH AND WEIGHT—CLEAR SKIN
AUTIFUL COMPLEXION SECURED
BY
. RADWAY'S
ARILLIAN RESOLVENT
THE MOST ASTONISHING CURES;
, SO RAPID ARE THE CHANGES
IDY UNDERGOES, UNDER THE
NCE OF THIS TRULY WONDER-
DICINE, THAT
an Increase in Flesh and
ght is Seen and Felt.
EAT BLOOD PURIFIER.
of the SARSAPARILLIAN RESOL-
nicates through the Blood, Sweat,
er fluids and juices of the system the
it repairs the wastes of the body with
material. Scrofula, Syphilis, Con-
sumption, Ulcers in the Throat,
Nodes in the Glands and other parts
Sore Eyes, Strumorous discharges from
the worst forms of Skin diseases, Erup-
tions, Scald Head, Ring Worm, Salt
Rheum, Acne, Black Spots, Worms in the
Cancers in the Womb, and all weak-
ful discharges, Night Sweats, Loss of
wastes of the life principle, are within
ope of this wonderful Modern Chemis-
try days' use will prove to any person
ver of these forms of disease its potent
here.
daily becoming reduced by the wastes
ition that is continually progressing,
ressing these wastes, and repairs the
material made from healthy blood—
SARSAPARILLIAN will and does
is certain for when once this remedy
work of purification, and succeeds in
the loss of wastes, its repairs will be
ery day the patient will feel himself
and stronger, the food digesting better,
ing, and flesh and weight increasing,
nes the SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT
wn remedial agents in the cure of
ases, Constitutional, and Skin diseases;
ly positive cure for
and Bladder Complaints,
Womb diseases, Gravel, Diabetes,
age of Water, Incontinence of Urine,
e, Albuminuria, and in all cases where
dust deposits, or the water is thick
with substances like the white of an
g like white milk, or there is a morbid,
pearance, and white bone-dust depos-
there is a pricking, burning sensation
water, and pain in the Small of the
the Loins.
32 Years' Growth Cured by
adway's Resolvent.
BRYANT, MASS., July 18, 1869.
—I have had Ovarian Tumor in the
wels. All the Doctors said "there
ing" and everything that was rec-
nt nothing helped me. I saw your
thought I would try it; but had no
e I had suffered for twelve years. I
s of the Resolvent, and one box of
and two bottles of your Ready Relief,
a sign of tumor to be seen or felt, and
arter, and happier than I have for
The worst tumor was in the left side
ver the groin. I write this to you for
others. You can publish it if you
HANNAH P. KNAPP.
rice $1 per Bottle.
PORTANT LETTER.
EW ARBOR, MICH., April 30, 1876.
—Kind Sir: I have been taking your
Blood Pills, and also using your steady
e year for ovarian tumors of the abdo-
most eminent physicians of our Medi-
nounced incurable.
ke knots on a tree. When I was sit-
e hung almost to the floor, and my
o hundred and seventy-five pounds,
ced with your remedies, and now it is
ed ten pounds; but they are not all
ve taken twenty-four bottles of Resol-
ther, and twenty-four boxes of Pills.
me from G. Grenvill.
e your book False and True.
MRS. C. KNAPP.
Letter from Mrs. C. Knapp.
August 18, 1876.
—Kind Sir: I take the liberty to
you my health is greatly improved
your medicines. Three of the tumors
e, and the fourth is nearly so. Dropsy
d improving, and my weight decreas-
I have had a great many calls this
dire of the wonderful cure your medi-
me, one from Ohio, one from Can-
Jackson, and quite a number from
rs with respect,
MRS. C. KNAPP.
acquainted with Mrs. Knapp. She is
dy, and very benevolent. She has
of selling many bottles of the Resol-
ruggists of Ann Arbor, to persons
internal tumors. We have heard of
cures effected by it.
EBERBACH & CO.
, MICH., Aug. 18, 1876.
ARIAN TUMOR
YEARS' GROWTH CURED BY
AY'S REMEDIES.
an Ovarian Tumor in the
d Bowels for Ten Years.
ANN ARBOR, MICH., Dec. 27, 1875.
That others may be benefitted, I
ment:
Ovarian Tumor in the ovaries and
ears. I tried the best physicians of
others without any benefit. It was
rapidity that I could not have lived
friend of mine induced me to try
dies. I had not much faith in them,
much deliberation, I tried them.
bottles of the Resolvent, two boxes
two bottles of the Relief. I used
apparent benefit. I determined to
d twelve more bottles of the Resol-
Relief, and two boxes of Pills. Before
had lost twenty-five pounds.
use the medicine until I was sure
cured. I took the medicine about
d during that time lost forty-five
I took three dozen bottles of the
ottles Relief and six boxes of the
well, and my heart is full of grati-
to help in my deep affliction. To
r wonderful medicine, I feel deeply
prayer in that it may be as much of
as it has been to me.
MRS. E. C. BIBBINS.
who makes the above certificate, is
hom I requested you to send medi-
. The medicines above stated were
the reception of what was sent to
ay say that her statement is correct
ication.
L. S. LEACH,
d Chemist, ANN ARBOR, MICH.
y that MRS. BIBBINS, who makes the
and has been for many years well
the facts therein stated are undoubt-
ably correct. Any one who knows
believe her statement.
BENJ. B. COCKER,
MARY COCKER,
MARY B. POND,
E. B. POND.
RADWAY'S
LATING PILLS,
, elegantly coated with sweet gum
purify, cleanse, and strengthen.
the cure of all disorders of the
Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous
Disease, Constipation, Costiveness, Indi-
tion, Biliousness, Fever, Inflammation
s, and all Derangement of the
Warranted to effect a positive cure,
containing no mercury, minerals or
the following symptoms resulting from
Digestive Organs:
Hurried Fulnes, Fullness of the Blood in
of the Stomach, Nausea, Heartburn,
Fullness or Weight in the Stomach,
Sinking or Fluttering at the Heart,
ing Sensations when in a Lying Pos-
Sudden Flushes of Heat, Burning in the
Flesh, Dull Pain in the Head, Deficiency of
Moisture of the Skin and Eyes, Pain
Limbs and Sudden flushes of Heat,
Radway's Pills will free the system
the named disorders. Price 25 cents
by Druggists.
READ
ISE AND TRUE."
stamp to RADWAY & CO.,
Church Street,
, corner Church Street,
worth thousands will be sent you

Horticultural Society

MASSACHUSETTS PLOUGHMAN

DEVOTED TO AGRICULTURE, HORTICULTURE, THE FARM, THE GARDEN, THE FIRESIDE, RURAL LIFE, LITERATURE, USEFUL ARTS, NEWS, &c.

AND NEW ENGLAND AGRICULTURE.

JOURNAL OF

VOLUME XXXVI.:::NO. 20. BOSTON, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 17, 1877. WHOLE NUMBER 1841.

MASSACHUSETTS PLOUGHMAN AND NEW ENGLAND JOURNAL OF AGRICULTURE.

Official Organ of the N. E. Agricultural Society

ISSUED WEEKLY AT "PLOUGHMAN BUILDING,"
No. 45 Milk Street, (cor. Devonshire St.,
[Opposite the New Post Office,]
BOSTON.

GEO. NOYES, Proprietor and Publisher.

TERMS $2.50 per annum in advance. $3.00 if not paid in advance. Single copies SIX CENTS.

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2. According to law, papers may be forwarded until an explicit order of a discontinuance is received; and whether taken by the subscriber or not from the place where they are deposited, he is accountable for the pay until he orders a discontinuance and pays what is due.

☞ Postage on the PLOUGHMAN is 20 cents a year within the United States.

Editorial.

THE ORLOFF TROTTER.

When we presented the interesting description of the Orloff Trotter a few weeks since, we were not aware that we had a good representative of this remarkable breed of horses in our midst. But our friend, Col. H. S. Russell, always square up with the times, could have shown us a model, which would, no doubt, have been able to fill the bill according to the charming portrait, so beautifully presented. His Orloff mare, Maud Muller, which died recently, was bred on the island of Williamsburg, in the Elbe, foaled in 1857, and was sired by Bruckwillow, a celebrated Orloff stallion in the stud of the King of Hanover, her dam being also of the Orloff breed. Like all of that strain of blood, she early showed great trotting speed, and at Hamburg trotted a mile in 2.26. She was then purchased by Colonel Miller and brought to this country, where she has been used as a brood mare.

We may have an opportunity to see how far the Orloff blood, mingled with the finest strains in this country, will improve the quality of the American horse. We may soon present to the readers of the *Ploughman* some further account of the Orloff horse, a continuation of our former article.

PRICKLY COMFREY.

Since the appearance of our article upon this plant, though it was not very encouraging for those who are anxious to introduce it here, numerous inquiries have been made, and one correspondent wrote to Prof. Thurber for farther information who says that all he knows about it is that "Mr. Ashburner, a Scotch gentleman in Virginia, has had more experience with it than any one else in the country.

He imported some plants, and has now several acres. He has not tried to raise it from seeds, nor have his plants ripened any, and I do not think any can be had in the country. There have a number applied for the plant, and we suggested to R. H. Allen & Co., 189 Winter St., New York, our largest agricultural dealers, to arrange with Mr. Ashburner for a supply of the roots or sets—and learn that they will be offered as soon the ground opens."

Now we stated that this identical plant had been growing in Cambridge only three miles from the "Hub" for many years, and Prof. Gray says it is nothing but a coarse weed, and if any living man knows it is certainly Prof. Gray, the foremost of living botanists. If anybody wants to spend time and money in experimenting, we would suggest that he take our common BARN GRASS, *Panicum crus galli*, and give it as much manure and as rich a soil as Prickly Comfrey requires and try its capacity for production. It is probably quite as nutritive, quite as much relished by animals, and with the same expenditure of manure, we incline to think the mass of green food for cattle would be nearly if not quite as great as we in this latitude could get from the Prickly Comfrey The seasons at the South are longer, the conditions for the growth of grass far less favorable than with us, and if they choose to grow weeds to feed stock it is no particular reason why we should do so. Be not "blown about by every wind of doctrine."

CENTENNIAL BIRDS.

The beautiful cut of Brown Leghorns that we presented last week were the First Prize birds in their class at the Centennial Exhibition of Poultry at Philadelphia last fall.

DELEGATES FROM THE STATE BOARD.

At the meeting of the State Board of Agriculture last week, the delegates to visit and report upon the exhibitions of the various agricultural societies, were assigned as follows:

Essex, at Lawrence, Alexander Macy, Jr.
Middlesex, at Concord, Dr. Geo. B. Loring.
Middlesex North, at Lowell, Metcalf J. Smith.
Middlesex South, at Framingham, John E. Merrill.
Worcester, at Worcester, J. N. Bagg.
Worcester West, at Barre, Milo J. Smith.
Worcester North, at Fitchburg, Dr. H. P. Wakefield.
Worcester Northwest, at Athol, Arthur A. Smith.
Worcester South, at Sturbridge, Henry C. Comins.
Worcester Southeast, at Milford, Col. Henry S. Russell.
Hampshire, Franklin and Hampden, at Northampton, John A. Hawes.
Hampshire, at Amherst, Hebron H. Vincent.
Highland, at Middlefield, Elijah Perry.
Hampden, at Springfield, Charles G. Davis.
Hampden East, at Palmer, Edmund Bennett.
Union, at Blandford, Nathaniel Upham.
Franklin, at Greenfield, George M. Baker.
Deerfield Valley, at Charlemont, James T. Barnes.
Berkshire, at Pittsfield, A. H. Holland.
Housatonic, at Great Barrington, William Knowlton.
Hoosac Valley, at North Adams, E. T. Lewis.
Norfolk, at Readville, E. C. Hawkes.
Bristol, at Taunton, William E. Johnson.
Bristol Central, at Myrick's, O. B. Hadwen.
Plymouth, at Bridgewater, D. B. Fenn.
Hinghau, at Hingham, Paul A. Chadbourne.
Marshfield, at Marshfield, S. B. Phinney.
Barnstable, at Barnstable, Edmund Hersey.
Nantucket, at Nantucket, Franklin C. Knox.
Martha's Vineyard, at West Tisbury, Stephen Shepley.

THE PUBLIC MEETING.

Waltham carried the day before the State Board, and the public meeting is to come there on the 4th, 5th and 6th of December next. It is a capital selection, and the farmers all about there ought to take an interest in making it the most successful Agricultural Institute ever held in the State.

OUR RURAL HOMES.

BY DONALD G. MITCHELL ("IK MARVEL.")

In the early days of agricultural speech-making in this country it was thought necessary to have very much to say in regard to the dignity of the farmer's calling, and the best speeches—as they were reckoned—were interlarded with a good deal of classical gush relating to those old heathen worthies such as Cincinnatus—who sometimes took a hand at the plough. This strain of talk was due very much to the fact that the agricultural speech makers were mostly professional orators, who derived their chief knowledge of farm matters—what little they had—from classic sources; and I think it was relished, for the reason that it offered relief to the old fashioned Sunday sermons, which—whatever else may be said of them—certainly did not contribute to feed a man's self importance.

There is little need for talk now-a-days about the dignity of the farmers' calling; we are all agreed, I think, that the man who grows the crops that feed the world, has a worthy work to do, and that there is no reason why he should not be himself a most worthy man—except he outrage his opportunities.

Later on in our experience of farm congresses we have had scientific disquisitions—at first, something muddy perhaps, and with a drift that seemed to work contrary purposes; but settling down at last into great, and clearly determined currents of various and precise information—relating to soils, crops, breeding, sanitary laws, all which is at our service if we will digest it, and keep it fairly in mind. But do we? I am half disposed to think that the very multiplicity of facts which scientific inquiry is bringing to notice, as bearing on our pursuits, induces with practical men, a certain uneasy sense of plethora, and that nothing is so much needed now as a simplification and codification of the facts brought to light by science, so that attention may be challenged and useful to the main issues. Certain it is, that bad farming and bad farm living, in our country, at the present time, is due not so much to lack of knowledge, as to a lack of living up to the level of our knowledge.

Whatever may be the shortcomings in other directions, I shall say nothing; but shall only deal with those which relate to the farmer's homestead and its surroundings.

Forty, or say fifty years ago, and there was not much difference between a home in the country and a home in town. They were modeled much after the same pattern; they had very similar conveniences. A good turnpike road was common to both; the difference between a two mile drive and a six mile drive was not reckoned for much. Country people drove in to dine with a town friend, and towns people drove out to dine with their country cousins—counting upon a better dinner—and most times with wisdom—than they would have at home. The lumbering butcher's cart that went the rounds of the town twice a week, was no match for the poultry yard, and the tender lamb, and the possible roasting pig, of the country. Once a day the mail came through the town, and once a day the same old coach with its huge leathern boot, and its leathern thorough-braces rumbled along the turnpike. What the town cousin knew the country cousin knew—were it the merest gossip—a little later. The latter may have had a better rounded arm and a rosier cheek, which the town cousin balanced by a newer trimming to her hat; but they met on equal terms at the quilting bees in the country, where there was as much jolliness as ever in the town.

If they had no resource for water, but a well in the country, they had nothing better than a pump in the town, and the woodshed and woodpile were a necessity for both. The population too of cities is that time—setting aside some few of the great business centres—was not greatly disproportioned to that of the counties and the scattered farming towns. Large tracts of land were at that day, in process of being taken up, and subdued, and subdivided into farms.

Well—what is the aspect now? We cannot blind ourselves to the fact, that railroads and other means of swift and easy communication, have wrought a revolution which is not favorable to the old growth of farm homesteads. Six and ten miles over country roads has become relatively a much larger distance than it once was. Remote towns have been left stranded upon the hills. The stir and bustle about the village tavern, with its coach and its daily travellers have gone by. Farms, fairly accessible under the old turnpike system, will not—many of them—sell for as much now as forty years ago. "It is matter of common fame"—and I quote from the publication of your own Agricultural Board—"That 400,000 acres of land once cultivated in Massachusetts, have been given over to wilderness or growth of wood." And subdivision into farms, and establishment of new farm homesteads is confined almost entirely to the immediate neighborhood of towns, or great centres of population.

Now while this change has been going forward, a change has also been taking place in the character of town and country homes. That similarity and parallelism—to which I but just now called your attention, has almost disappeared. With the railroads and telegraph, have come in upon towns-people, water companies, gas, pavements, markets, and scores of appliances to make living easy and enjoyable, which, by the necessity of conditions, cannot reach the remote homestead. As a rule, I think that all town houses built within the last twenty-five years, have shown a gain year by year in all the equipments, whether interior or exterior, which go to promote comfort. I fear that as much cannot be said for farm-houses in the country. Many such, so far from making gain, are hardly equal in the conditions of solid comfort to the old-fashioned farm homestead of a half century ago. Now, none are so quick to see this disparity as the sharp-witted sons and daughters of farmers, who with young blood and hopeful spirits are eager to lay hold upon whatever advantages of home-life the town may supply. And it is to this eagerness, more, I suspect, than to any strong distaste for country pursuits, that we must attribute the drifting away of sons and daughters from farm homesteads. We all like to make the conditions of every day life easy and comfortable, however vigorous may be pursuit of duty, and why should'nt we? There are of course ambitious boys of larger hope, who want to wrestle with the world at closer quarters than they find in a country home, and adventurous girls who want to flash their light upon a larger field; but there are plenty of home-spun ones who are yet keenly alive to whatever makes housekeeping easy, and who think they must go to the town to find it.

I am aware that the tendency to gregariousness—to cities which attend the later forms of civilization—though it multiplies and intensifies all sources of corruption—is most determined; and there are statists who insist that this tendency is not only inevitable, but that the simplicities of the old scattered homesteads must go down and disappear under it. There are those who say this is a necessary result of civilization and of progress.

But whatever may be true of countries where education is less general and less thorough than in our own, I am loath to believe that it is true of this country, or that we can ever have any well founded hope of perfecting a model Republic until we have spread model homes over the whole face of it. And what must a homestead be—and what its conditions to ensure that content in the household, without which, no real thrift can come, and which if it do not wholly cheat that drift of young people from the maelstrom of cities, where within these few years past, so many wrecks have been cast up—will at least fasten on their minds an image of homely comfort, which shall make them better wives and husbands wherever they may go.

THE RANDALL HARROW.

A correspondent wishes to know if there is any method of sharpening the disks of the Randall Harrow. There is no need of this, or if there were, we see no difficulty in removing the nuts which hold the bar in place, when the disks can readily be taken off, one by one, and put upon a common grindstone. The disks of some are of cast iron, of others of steel. Occasionally, if the temper of a disk is not quite perfect, it will chip off a little, but that does not at all interfere with its efficiency so far as we can see and the agents claim that it never needs sharpening in any event, though we do not know that they claim it to be self sharpening. If a disk should happen to break, or to receive a large fracture, there should be an extra disk or two to take its place and the disks are sold separately at sixty cents each we believe. If a disk appears to be too soft, so as to batter up badly, a thing that ought never to occur, and we have never heard that such a thing has occurred, we should just throw it aside and put in a new one though we cannot see much trouble in grinding and sharpening it.

AGRICULTURE IN THE STATE.

[From the Boston Post.]

From the third volume of the State Census has already been given in the *Post* what may as well be styled an agricultural picture of the Commonwealth, and it showed that instead of going backward, as for some time has been industriously reported, the agricultural interest is really improving. This happens, too, to be something that cannot be said of every interest which felt the shock of the general reign of business stagnation began. If the acreage under actual cultivation was not so large in 1875 as in 1865, it was shown by way of offset that the tillage had become more thorough and productive, in consequence of the introduction of special farming and multiplying local markets. Because less land is better tilled, it does not follow that farming is going behind. All intelligent agriculturists would hold the precise contrary. A very few illustrations will best set forth this position. It took, in 1855, 1971 1-2 acres to produce 90,430 bushels of barley; in 1865, it took 7103 3-4 acres to produce 138,524 bushels; and in 1875, i took only 1828 3-8 acres to produce 46,884 bushels. This is an average increase from 20 to 25 1-2 bushels to the acre. Corn was produced in 1865 at the average rate of 28 3-4 bushels per acre, and in 1875 at the average of 35 3-4 bushels. Oats yielded 21 1-8 bushels in 1855, and 31 1-4 bushels in 1875. Potatoes yielded 91 bushels per acre in 1865, and 108 bushels per acre in 1875. In short, while the agricultural and domestic products of the State in 1865 amounted to $32,027,821, in gold, they reached in 1875, the amount of $37,073,034, a gain of $5,045,213, or very nearly 16 per cent.

No change in products is able to impair the fact of farming enterprise, nor can larger products on fewer acres work such an effect, for the United States Census of 1870, by its slovenly inaccuracy, represented a positive decay of agricultural industry and the agricultural spirit in Massachusetts. The old State, on the appearance of this Report, was greeted with jeers in all quarters. The accomplished and able Secretary of the State Board of Agriculture, Charles L. Flint, Esq., at once set to work upon an independent investigation, not believing it possible that such damaging statements could be verified. He was unwilling that this charge should go ringing through the country, and even over Europe, as it did, without being challenged by competent proofs. In his official Report to the State Board for 1872, with facts and figures collated and tabulated with the utmost care, he demonstrated that the charge was wholly without foundation. He showed, to quote the language of his Report, "the aggregate value of the farm production of the State had largely increased, even though a few of the old staple crops may have fallen off." The gross inaccuracies of the Census he also showed up just as they were, and accounted for them in a way that was entirely satisfactory. For this very proper service, which was but expected of him by the agricultural interests of the State, and although he had carefully abstained from making any reference to the Superintendent of the United States Census or his Assistant Marshals, he was personally assailed in the rudest manner by the Superintendent himself, who addressed a letter to his Assistant Marshals throughout the State, directing them to follow suit and fill the papers with their malicious personal detractions. The State Census now appears and completely sustains Secretary Flint and Massachusetts agriculture, corroborating all his statements and showing that the Census of 1870 is not in this particular to be relied upon. Now it is in order for these gentlemen and the journals that open their columns to them to defame Massachusetts to retract their charges, as openly as they made them, though by so doing the former will have to confess their own incompetency to perform the service for which they were paid.

☞ The Illinois Humane Society has issued an appeal to the people that in this severe winter they give special care to their domestic animals. Very properly they say that it is a measure of humanity and also a measure in the immediate interest of owners. Both considerations are too often overlooked, even by farmers, which is a singular fact, when it is remembered that so large a proportion of their revenue depends upon this very thing of proper care for their horses, cattle, sheep, swine and poultry.

Questions & Answers.

HORSERADISH—PITCH PINES.

Editor Massachusetts Ploughman:

I was much interested in your article, published in the *Ploughman* of December 30th, on the cultivation of Horseradish, so much so, that I am resolved to try a small piece this season, if I can procure the sets. Can you or any of the readers of the *Ploughman*, inform me where they can be obtained?

I have on my farm a gravelly hill of two or three acres, on which within a few years, quite a number of pitch pine have sprung up, and grown rapidly. Now, would you recommend planting it to pitch pines? If so, at what time should the seed be sown?

By answering these questions in the *Ploughman*, you will greatly oblige a

CONSTANT READER.

North Weymouth, Feb. 5th, 1877.

The cones of the pitch pine ought to be gathered as soon as they mature, and spread out where they will dry. This causes them to open and let the seed fall out. Sow the seed in a shady place, either in fall or in spring. The young plants, after they come up are very delicate, and if too much exposed to the sun they are destroyed.

We think the white pine more profitable than the pitch pine. It is a more rapid grower. Whereever the pitch pine grows, better pines will grow, and not only pines, but the firs, spruces, cedars; and the Scotch larch. We should say you would do better to encourage some other trees. The pitch pine will readily take care of itself.—[ED.

BROOK TROUT.

Editor Massachusetts Ploughman:

I am interested in a farm on which there are peculiar natural facilities for the construction of a fish pond of one half or three-quarters of an acre. The brook which would supply the pond is abundantly fed by copious cold springs, and has always been trouted by the common brook trout (*salmo fontinalis*). Can any of the readers of the *Ploughman* inform me as to the probable expense of stocking a pond of that size, the time required for the growth of the brook trout, and the probable annual profit, also whether any other kind of fish would be likely to prove as profitable as brook trout under the circumstances? F. W. L.

Boston, Mass.

We gave very minute directions for the formation of Trout ponds three or four years ago, with quotations from the Report of the Fish Commissioners of Massachusetts and statements of a practical trout grower in Maine who had had a successful practical experience in this enterprise. A reply from us would be little more than a repetition of the lengthy article we presented then. We should prefer to have some reader of the *Ploughman* state his experience in reply to the question first. We will only say that the water in which trout are to be kept ought at no season to exceed a temperature of fifty degrees. They will live some time in water sixty to sixty-five degrees, but cannot be expected to flourish.—[ED.

DIVINING RODS.

Editor Massachusetts Ploughman:

I notice in the *Ploughman* of February 3d an article upon the use of "Divining Rods." Most people scout at the *idea* that the rod will *work* in some mens' hands and not in others. I think the scientific principle is that some men are on one side positively charged with electricity, while the other is negative, and all electricians know that the elective currents tend to springs and running currents of water. The consequence is, a man thus charged with a rod or some kind of wood like Witch Hazel, while holding the end firmly in each hand when they pass over a spring or running water underground, the electricity generated by holding at each end, the middle will turn downwards. A great many mysteries will pass away when we understand electricity. Yours truly, I. P.

West Upton, Feb. 5, 1877.

LICE ON CATTLE.

Editor Massachusetts Ploughman:

Can you inform me through the columns of the *Ploughman* the best remedy for lice on cattle; will oil meal if fed to them free them of lice? Yours truly, A. L. F.

Natick, Feb. 6th, 1877.

Flint's *Milch Cows and Dairy Farming* p. 289, says, in speaking of mange, that an ointment composed chiefly of sulphur has been found most effectual. Some mercurial ointment may be added, if the cows are kept housed, but if let out during the day the quantity must be very small else salivation is produced by licking themselves. The ointment is made of flour of sulphur one pound, strong mercurial ointment two ounces, common turpentine half a pound, lard one and a quarter pounds. Melt the turpentine and lard together and stir in the sulphur as they begin to cool off; then rub down the mercurial ointment on some hard substance with the other ingredients. Rub the whole in with the hand, and take care to leave no places untouched, once a day, for three days.

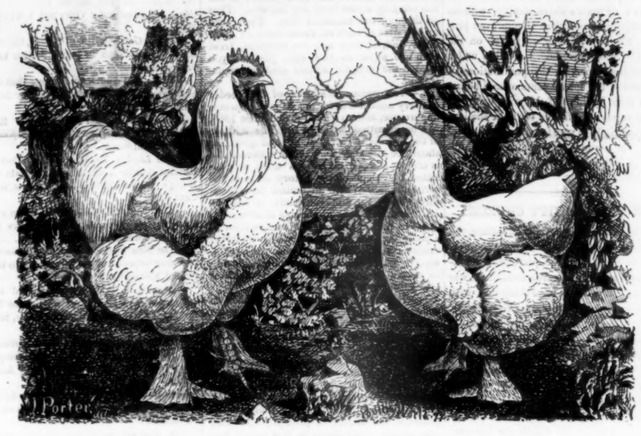
This ointment is pretty effective against lice also. If it does not cure, take beeswax, tallow and lard, in equal parts, and rub it into the hide in the most thorough manner, with the hand or a brush, two and a half pounds for a small cow, three pounds for a large one. The next day it may be washed off with soft soap and the lice will have disappeared from the animal, but not always from the barn.

Some use a wash of powdered lobelia seeds two ounces, steeped in boiling water and applied with a sponge. Others hang up tobacco leaves over the stalls. This may do to keep them away, but after the animal is covered with them they are not so easily scared.

Lice are a terrible nuisance and ought never to be suffered to remain on cattle. They crawl all over the stable floor and the stalls and on the pastures, and a touch is sufficient to give them to other animals. They worry and trouble the poor creature constantly, and no thriftiness can be expected where they are found. We would spare no pains or cost to free the animals from them, and then get them out of the barn at the same time by whitewashing all the stalls and cleansing out completely.

If the articles named above are not at hand, take some cayenne pepper or Scotch snuff and mix it well with hog's lard, or any kind of soft grease and rub it in well. Feed high and more generously. Poor feed and low condition may not always be the cause or source of lice, but they are very often observed where lice abound. Linseed or cotton seed meal will be likely to keep lice off, but if they are once on, it would take some time to get rid of them in this way.—[ED.

WHITE COCHINS.



BRED BY G. W. MITCHELL, BRISTOL, CONN.
First Prize Birds of the Massachusetts Poultry Show at Boston, 1877.

We are indebted to the Editor of the *Poultry World* for the above elegant cut of White Cochin Fowls. The individuals figured are almost standard birds, the cock scaling 91 1-2 points and the hen 95 3-4 points at the Exhibition. Mark Pitman, Esq., the veteran poultryman and judge, said of them that few White Cochins had been exhibited for six years anywhere that could equal them.

The White Cochin is one of the most desirable of all the varieties in this class, and a flock of them with their pure snowy white plumage contrasted with the green of the lawn makes one of the most attractive of pictures.

This variety is an easy one for the amateur fancier to breed, as it comes generally true to feather; and as it is hardy and the chickens mature rapidly, it is a good breed for those farmers who wish to obtain large and desirable "spring chickens," but do not care for a large supply of eggs.

It is worthy of remark that the birds had not been overfattened for Exhibition, a practice too prevalent and which impairs or totally ruins fowl stock for breeding purposes.

The Poultry Interest.

Written expressly for the Massachusetts Ploughman.

BROWN LEGHORNS.

NUMBER II.

Last week I spoke of the arrangement and general management of the Poultry house. Now about hens.

I have tried the famous Light Brahmas and Plymouth Rocks and many more less noted, and will put up 100 of my Brown Leghorn chickens when hatched against 200 of any other variety, and get more eggs in five years from the 100 Leghorns, than any man can from 200 of any other known breed.

Here is a place to stick in another pin.

The great majority of poultry writers here and in Europe say *kill all hens* before they are two years old. I say it costs too much to raise a pullet, especially one that has got to be six or seven months old before it lays at all, and then *sits* one-half of the rest of its natural life, to *kill* it *ever*, where eggs are the most profitable, and I have yet to learn of a place where they are not.

It may *pay* to make poultry, but it will pay *better* to make eggs. I say that my pullets commence laying, *on the average*, at *four months*, with my care, and the goose quills bristle like the quills on the fretful porcupine, and I get talked about severely—and then because I have hens ten years old that have laid 2000 eggs and more, and dare to say it, the porcupine hides his head under some *nom de plume*, and his quills rise in wrath again.

The first hen I owned that lived to be nine years old and laid 1300 eggs, was an *accident*, like the Concord grape, the Wilson's strawberry, and many other good things. But the hens that I have now, *six* or *ten* years old, are not accidents, but were bred *from* the accident, and I expect to live long enough to have a hen lay 3000 eggs.

It is but a very few years since our greatest naturalists claimed that no hen could lay more than 500 eggs in a lifetime. Agassiz thought so until he dissected one of my old hens that had layed twice that number, and found that she might have layed as many more.

We can produce great changes by careful breeding in any variety of poultry; can increase or diminish the size at will, as also the sitting proclivities of fowls.

There are a great many Asiatics that are almost non sitters now, and a few years careful breeding from such—keeping the fowls thin in flesh at the same time, and no doubt the Asiatics might be bred in close confinement till they would thrive there, though they are rather too indolent.

I keep leaves or straw in coops, rooms, and runs, to scatter my grain amongst to make work for the fowls, as also to increase my manure heap. I have seen aristocratic fowls dying of cleanliness. It is absolutely necessary that fowls as well as children have something to do.

Our hen manure (American guano) is a very important item. I save it in a good many different ways, but mostly now by mixing charcoal dust (no *wood ashes* or *coal ashes*) and dry loam,—road dirt is the very best—and any road commissioner ought to thank people for gathering it up to keep it from blowing into the eyes of the traveling public. Plaster is good to strew about in small quantities, fine ground oyster shells, *no lime*, fine ground bone, &c.

If no moisture gets in from above, or the earth below, it may be necessary to either sprinkle or put in damp loam. Fowls enjoy lying burrowed in part, in the cool damp loam, with the sun shining on them.

I use Crysalic Acid as a disinfectant; it is cheaper than Carbolic and just as good.

Wet roosts occasionally with kerosene oil, all helps the manure. The droppings made at night are mostly gathered into barrels to use as liquid manure or for some special purpose.

There is no crop that will not take kindly to the nutrition contained in American guano. To get its utmost value, it must be thoroughly pulverized, either by long laying and composting with soil, plaster or charcoal dust, or by using in a liquid state, in homœopathic solutions.

It is good on all soils, though like all other fertilizers it takes water to float it up the tiny plant veins.

One very dry summer I used it on a very dry sandy soil by making excavations near my plants or hills and keeping them filled with a weak solution.

I put what twenty-five hens made in a week into the half of a hogshead sunk in the ground, and put in two barrels of water, letting it stand four or five days covered up before using, and always putting it on after sunset.

On land that is only comfortably enriched, you can quadruple the crop, *any crop*, and on any kind of land.

The most wonderful effect I ever saw from the use of liquid manure containing American guano was on a half acre of the stoniest land I ever saw, and that means something. Father had ploughed it four or five times and had got a wall two feet high and four to ten feet wide one-half round it, and it was at the time of my experiment in grass and cut to average 200 pounds of June grass and red-top in a year. It was laid down pretty smooth, and I dreaded to disturb it, so set a hogshead on purpose for it. In this case I set aside the droppings of twelve hens and put the slops from the house, dishwater, chamber water, washing water, &c., with it, letting it stand three or four days after full, to ferment. Then I commenced the middle of May to give that barren, "cobble lot" a sprinkling. I went over it five times in May and June, and to the 4th of July it was a dry season and grass was light in that part of Vermont, but July 21st I mowed as good a crop of grass as one would want to see, fifteen to sixteen hundred, short but very thick. As soon as the hay was off I commenced sprinkling again and went over the piece five times more that fall, and four times the next spring. The next season was the worst hay season I ever knew. Grass was very light everywhere I went, except on the "cobblestone lot" where the Herdsgrass stood two feet high and as thick as you would care to swing a scythe through. The half acre produced thirty hundred of well cured hay. It had been six years since any Herdsgrass grew on the lot, still without sowing any more seed the above result.

I left the farm and State that year but the effect of the sprinkling showed two or three years. There was one-half the waste water from the house of a family of four persons, and the droppings of twelve fowls for eight months used as a liquid top-dressing on a cobblestone half acre, in two as dry seasons as I ever knew till last season.

I have used the American guano for the past five years on a moist yellow loam, and I never expect to find any better fertilizer. I have used it weaker and weaker every year, and thus far the weaker the solution and the more constant the application the more marked the effect. I just read in a Southern agricultural journal that "200 hens would make manure enough for a two horse farm."

When my strawberries average me 25 cents a quart, and they have averaged *more* for the past eight years, the droppings of my fowls pay *all* of their expenses, and the only thing I have on my wagon three-fourths of the year that there is a call for, is eggs. There could be 1000 dozen more fresh eggs, "farmers' eggs," sold every day in Worcester, and by utilizing the fish waste of Worcester alone, and taking decent care of what fowls are now kept in Worcester county, one-fourth of the number, 250 dozen more, might be made every day, making the snug little sum of $60 a day or $21,900 a year; enough to set a small strawberry bed on every farm in Massachusetts and pay for many improved fowls to introduce into the farmyard besides. An egg of itself is a small matter, but it represents to average in our market two cents, and is the one thing that farmers can always get the cash for. The supply of eggs has increased with giant strides, still the demand is far in advance.

When farmers shake off the whim that fowls must forage and *destroy* more than they are worth, and confine them as they do their hogs, then the business of keeping fowls for profit will look better.

A veteran farmer was at my place to-day, and said his "pullets hatched in June commenced to lay in November, pretty smart, but he neglected to get them under the barn and they all got frozen a little, so his fifty pullets had been moping around all winter and hadn't laid an egg and wouldn't till March or April. If he lived another year he would have a hen house and keep his hens in it." Amen! I hope he may live and that his neighbors will take pattern from him and build or fix up some comfortable place for their fowls, and then *keep them in it*, and do another thing as he has, make arrangements to set a few strawberry plants and other small fruit, learn to grow them and make their families happy. F. J. K.

☞ S. M. & D. Wells, of Wethersfield Conn., lost three valuable Ayrshire cows a few days since, which had been exhibited at Philadelphia and received the first premium in their class. They were killed by being smothered in a mass of bran which poured down through a broken floor. They were valued at $1,500.

THE POULTERER'S FOWL HOUSE.

A very good poultry house, in which to shelter and accommodate thirty to fifty birds, young and old, can be put up for a few dollars, and a small amount of mechanical labor.

Most of our farmers and smaller breeders are content with moderate priced accommodations for this purpose. Where lumber is cheap and close at hand, therefore, a good, serviceable house may be erected for an inconsiderable outlay, and this is a very desirable object with many.

It is quite common to appropriate the "sunny side" of the barn to this purpose, building out toward the south and eastward, for an aspect, which requires only a pitched and low front, with the ends well bo

sale, giving price and directions how to apply.

The Ward Fertilizer is in the market in bags of 150 pounds each, at $15,00 per ton bags and carting to depot extra, or bags may be returned; making about $20,00 per ton, bags and carting included. One of my neighbors made an experiment with Stockbridge Fertilizer, on corn last year, which he has related to me and which I had opportunity to observe. I may communicate in detail at another time.

The longest ears grown with manure were sixteen inches when harvested but have shortened one or one and a half inches in drying, and the average ears with manure were twelve inches long. The longest ears grown with fertilizers were fourteen and one-half inches. J. B.

Shrewsbury, Jan. 24th, 1877.

The Ploughman.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, FEB. 17, 1877.

We are beginning to reap the fruits of our Centennial Exhibition, in the orders that are coming back to us from Europe for all sorts of American manufactures. The Swiss are clear discouraged in consequence of the comparison of our watch manufacture with theirs. American silks likewise have attracted very favorable attention abroad. American arms are the ones most in demand in all parts of Europe. And so is our hardware. Large orders have come from Norway and Australia for American agricultural implements. It is a good foundation for prosperity, as the revival of business begins to come in sight.

Lent began on Wednesday last, which was Ash Wednesday. During this forty days season of Fast, which terminates at Easter, the Christian world is called upon to forego all those needless and more worldly gratifications which either burden or distract the spirit, and to devote the time to the practise of such abstinence, both outwardly and inwardly, as will tend to provoke a quickening of the spiritual part, and suppress and mortify that which obstructs its progress and growth heavenward.

TURKEY AND RUSSIA.

What we get concerning the state of affairs in Europe comes for the most part filtered through English channels. It was in that way that we used to receive our impressions respecting the First Napoleon. For this reason it is well to accept all predictions relative to peace and war in Europe with a greater or less reservation. We include in believing that Bismark is about as well informed as to what is likely to occur between Russia and Turkey as anybody, and certainly better than anybody in England is; and he says there is going to be war, that "Russia will commence the struggle by a direct attack on Turkey." We know, at any rate, that Russia is pushing her preparations for war with all her might. She has recently mobilized three more army corps for expected service on the Upper Danube, and she has likewise ordered all the railway companies to procure ambulance carriages and prepare to transport sixty thousand men to a point on the frontiers of Turkey.

On the other hand, it is reported that the only business of the Turkish Government is sending troops to the Danubian frontier. Every nerve is strained, say the cable despatches, and every farthing is lavished to prepare as if for the inevitable. Muskets are arriving out from this country by hundreds of thousands, and cartridges by millions. It is not possible to comprehend how the increased demand for more money and more men can be answered from this time till Spring. Turkey, too, is with profound sagacity, making terms of peace with Servia and Montenegro, thus silencing the Opposition in the British Parliament, who are bent on her coercion at the hands of the Powers. The attitude of Germany is but little understood. Doubtless it is principally to draw out an expression from Germany that the British government has finally adopted its present policy, with the reservation that it can be changed to suit the necessity. The clouds are blowing together in a solid mass, in the European sky, and the moment that Russia's flint and Turkey's steel strike out the spark of war we may expect that the whole sky will become lurid with flame.

THE QUEEN'S SPEECH.

A great deal of interest was naturally felt in the address of the Queen, which was to be made at the opening of the British Parliament. Nor was the popular mind disappointed in the significance of its utterances. The address was cast in a moderate spirit, and was calculated to conciliate the public sentiment of Europe. While admitting that the late Conference was a failure so far as influencing Turkey was concerned, it congratulated all parties on the common agreement which it appeared to have brought about among the leading nations of Europe. It expressed the hope that improvements would be peaceably introduced into the government of the Turkish Provinces, without, however, impairing either the independence or integrity of the Turkish Empire. The slight debate that followed, after the speech was in the hands of Parliament, suggested that the Opposition are getting ready to organize their forces for an attack on the policy of the Ministry, which is to be made as soon as an opening may show in the latter's armor.

THE TRAMP PERIL.

The murder at Otis by a tramp points the lesson as distinctly as any other occurrence can. Here was a young vagabond who took to vagrancy for a living, and in a purely wanton mood seized an axe and killed one of the aged couple who had kindly responded to his call for hospitality. He was found guilty of murder in the second degree and sentenced to prison for life. No jury seems willing to believe that under such circumstances a man can possibly entertain a deliberate purpose to commit murder. Yet if this class of vagabonds is liable to commit it out of pure impulse or an insane freakishness, it seems to be high time to adopt a very different policy in regard to allowing them to have their freedom. It being proved, as in this case, that a tramp is a wild animal, irresponsible to reason and all the common sentiments of society, why should he not be dealt with more out of regard to the safety of others than on the continued presumption that he is human?

THE SEA SERPENT.

In spite of all that sailors and landsmen might say, it has been the fashion to cast ridicule on the bare idea of there being such a thing in existence as the sea-serpent. Now he is seen off the coast of Maine, and then he erects his head in the Straits of Coromandel; but tell the simple story as they will, the navigators who bear witness are invariably received with a blast of laughing incredulity. But Mr. Proctor, the astronomer, has come to the rescue of "the critter," and like a man who has the courage of his opinions has had the hardihood to say that it is entirely premature to laugh until all the facts are in. And also to say that, judging from the discoveries of other strange living things of which the world was up to the last moment incredulous, such as armadillos, gorillas and other wonders and monsters, he sees no reason to disbelieve these reports of the sea-serpent. In good time he thinks a specimen may be captured and the world convinced. There are without doubt creatures in the deep seas of which the human imagination has never formed an idea.

THE LEGISLATURE.

The Senate has been principally occupied with the reception of petitions, the reports of committees, the adoption of orders, the introduction of bills, and work on the orders of the day. Among the latter, it has accepted the report of leave to withdraw, by the Committee on Agriculture, on the petition of the Norfolk Agricultural Society for authority to assess members. A bill was introduced concerning the duties of assessors in relation to the taxation of personal property. An order was adopted, directing the Committee on Harbors to investigate and report the probabilities of completing the Cape Cod Canal in the time specified in the Company's charter, and whether the northern terminus of the canal should not be changed to Plymouth Bay. The Savings Bank Commissioners have rendered their annual report.

In the House, a petition has been presented from Wenham for legislation giving further protection from the bite of dogs. An order was passed to inquire into the expediency of giving to the Board of State Charities the supervision and control of private charitable institutions not incorporated by the Legislature; also an order relative to a statute for the prevention of cruelty to children; also for such an alteration of the law that no city or town shall be allowed to discharge sewage or polluted water into the source of any city's or town's water supply, without first purifying it according to approved processes. The bill relating to travel on the Lord's Day was engrossed. A bill is under consideration respecting the qualifications of voters, one of the amendments offered being, that if a man, by himself, his wife, or minor children, receive aid from a town, he shall be refused the right to vote for six months afterwards. The Committee work is active, the Boston and Chicago Trust Company attracting the chief attention.

THE NEW TRINITY CHURCH.

This magnificent ecclesiastical edifice, the finest of its character in the whole country, erected at a cost of three-quarters of a million dollars and entirely free from debt, was consecrated in this city on Friday last with the most imposing and impressive services. Several Bishops, including the Bishop of the Diocese, were present and a long list of clergy from the neighborhood and from other States. There were appropriate prayers, selections from Scripture, singing, anthem music, a sermon by the Rev. Dr. Vinton, and other solemn exercises concluding the ceremony. The lot on which the building stands contains 60,000 square feet. The design of the edifice is the pure French Romanesque style, being a complete abandonment of the Gothic which has hitherto prevailed for Episcopal edifices. The plan is that of a Roman cross, with a central tower, which is a novelty in church architecture in the United States. The tower roofs are covered with red tiles. Dedham roseg-ranite composes the main body, with brown freestone trimmings. The exterior is in places richly carved, especially the towers in front, there being two of those, with turrets and tiled roofs. The walls are fifty-two feet high, and that of the tower some hundred and ninety feet. Interiorly the church is of truly grand proportions. The windows will be many of them memorial windows, having already been engaged by individuals for that purpose. It would take several columns to report anything like a full description of this noble new church within and without, but the above account will convey a sufficiently clear idea. The ceremonies of consecration were participated in by nearly two hundred clergymen, and four of the prominent Unitarian clergy of the city partook of the Communion with the others.

The season is now at hand when marketable farms and homesteads become objects of desire to a wide circle of persons, who naturally consult our columns for such properties as they would be glad to be apprised of. In the present number of the *Ploughman* will be found several new offers of farms by their owners, that will not fail to be studied with eagerness. Those desirous of buying or selling farmsteads will find no more efficient instrumentality than the *Ploughman*, since whose advertising columns manifest a fresh infusion of business activity, and in consequence a greatly increased interest. The opening season will be ushered in with a general stir, of which our advertising department will furnish an appropriate and generous record.

CENTENNIAL GIFTS.

So much, and in such confusing variety, was given by foreign nations to the United States by way of Centennial presents, through the agency of the Exhibition, that the Government is in a puzzle to know what to do with it all. In point of quantity it is simply immense. Besides being gifts, the several articles bestowed acted as advertisements. They are at present stored by the Government in Philadelphia and Washington, and they comprise the whole, or almost the whole, of the exhibits by the following governments; that of the Argentine Republic, of France, Germany, Hawaii, Italy, Japan, Mexico, Netherlands, Norway, Orange Free State, Peru, Portugal, Russia, Spain, Sweden, Siam, Switzerland, Turkey, Tunis, Great Britain and Colonies, and Venezuela. The Chinese government donates the most, its gifts filling twenty-one wagons and extensive enough to fill one of the large halls of the Smithsonian Institute, at Washington. It is in contemplation to ask Congress to make an appropriation for a suitable building for the most effective display of this great variety of gifts.

THE ICE GORGES.

Several of the rivers of the interior have of late been threatening to the dwellers along their banks the usual effects of ice-gorges, but the melting of the snow and ice has been so gradual that all apprehensions have fortunately melted away with them. There have been some very destructive experiences in connection with our usual Spring freshets. Doubtless they would have been greatly mitigated if the streams had not been robbed of their framework of forest as they have been. Had the woods been suffered to remain to a larger extent, this sudden breaking up of the ice in the streams would not follow upon the first spell of soft weather, nor would there be such swollen and overflowing rivers. Future generations are not likely to feel very grateful to ours for what has been done to the forests, those reservoirs of the rain and screens for safely sifting the snows of winter into the rivers below.

NO TIME FOR STRIKES.

Labor may be rewarded now with but low wages, but better that than no wages at all. Hence the strikes that are making, in this direction and that, for the purpose of getting more than employers are able to pay, is so clearly suicidal that it is strange that sensible men can be induced to go into them or lend them countenance. If wages are low, so are the prices of almost all commodities that enter into consumption. These are on an average as low as they were before the war. As soon as business starts again and industry revives, the laborer and workingman will have all he wants to do; and with his wages duly proportioned to the prices of living, he is just as well off as he was when he earned the highest wages. In fact, he is better off; for it is notorious that in what are now known as inflation times, wages did not begin to maintain their just ratio to the prices of commodities. The best thing to do now is to take what can be got, and be thankful.

NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF TROTTING HORSE BREEDERS.

RULES AND INSTRUCTIONS RELATING TO PEDIGREES, ADOPTED BY THE BOARD OF CENSORS, JAN. 15TH, 1877.

As the National Association of Trotting-Horse Breeders has created the undersigned a Board of Censors, and made it their duty to exercise supervisory control of the contents of *Wallace's American Trotting Register*, the following rules and instructions are adopted, and announced to the public, that all sending forward pedigrees for record may know what will be required:—

1.—Stallions and colts that may be kept for stock purposes, must have names of their own; and nothing but a turf record or prominence in the stud will be accepted as a valid reason for waving this rule. The prefix of the owner's name to the name of another horse cannot be accepted as a name, unless it be in extensions or remote crosses. Mares and fillies should also have names of their own, and no two of the same name by the same horse will be admitted.

2.—This Board cannot attempt to exercise control over the names claimed and allowed in the agricultural and sporting newspapers, but can only seek to keep the official record of the breeders as free from confusion as possible.

3.—In forwarding pedigrees for registration, let the usual form be followed. First, the name, color and sex, and date when foaled. Second, the name of the sire, and, if he is recorded, refer to his place in the "Register." Third, the dam (name if she has one), by whom bred and her sire. Fourth, the dam of the dam (name, if she has one), by whom bred and her sire. Thus go through the maternal line. Then take up the sires of each of these dams in their order, and, if they are not recorded, treat each one, as far as you can, just as you treated the original animal sent for registration.

4.—The name and address of the breeder of every animal sent for record is of supreme importance, and no animal foaled since 1866, will be admitted without it. The address of the breeder of every dam and grandam should be inserted, as far as the maternal line is traced, and all extensions must be sustained by circumstantial history, or by public turf records. Where an animal has passed through several different hands, it must be fully identified at every change of owners.

5—In deciding upon the admissibility of a pedigree, the Board will consider whatever evidence may be presented, and the circumstances under which it is presented; aiming to arrive at the truth, through whatever channel it may be reached.

6.—It is made the duty of the Board to order any pedigrees inserted in the Register in its true form. Notice, therefore, is hereby given to all who are willing to assist in pointing out and correcting any errors that may appear in the first and second volumes, that their assistance will be welcome; and all who may be aggrieved with any such errors are invited and urged to submit their written evidence, that it may be promptly and duly considered. Complaints of this nature may be addressed to either member of the Board.

7.—It is specially commended that all well-bred trotting mares, kept for breeding purposes, and that have produced three or more foals, should have full lists of their produce placed under them; and where the list is not known to be complete, it should be so stated. This is not intended to supersede the alphabetical order of the Register, but to show the character of a given family at a glance.

8.—The actual work of compilation will be carried forward, as heretofore, by Mr. John H. Wallace, 170 Fulton Street, New York, to whom all communications relating to pedigrees should be addressed.

GEO. T. MOLLER, Chester, N. Y.
F. D. MOORE, Brooklyn, N. Y.
DAVID BONNER, New York.
R. S. VEECH, Louisville, Ky.
WM. S. TILTON, Togus, Me.
Board of Censors.

GOOD ENDORSEMENT.—Hon. Daniel Needham having by special appointment been delegated to examine the John Hancock Mutual Life Insurance Company, says at the close of an elaborate report which has been extensively published, that "the Company is well managed, prosperous and strong." The Hon. Julius L. Clarke, late Insurance Commissioner of the State, alludes to Col. Needham's examination as "one of the most searching ever made of a Life Insurance Company." In these days of weak corporations, it is refreshing to have such testimony regarding one of our State institutions.

NEW YORK LETTER.

Musicale—Congress—Music—Piano War—Operatic Celebrities—Theatricals—Stylish Wedding.

Correspondence of the Massachusetts Ploughman.

NEW YORK, Feb. 6, 1877.

The snow has but recently left us—two months' sleighing is good fun for New Yorkers —and the country round about begins to show signs of coming spring; the grass is green where the snow has melted off, there is but little frost in the ground, and everything betokens an early spring and a verdant one. There is much excitement over the great debate before the Compromise Commission, and anxious eyes look longingly to the near-by settlement of a political question that has threatened the institutions of our country more than the late Rebellion and all other causes combined. Business has suddenly jumped up again, and everybody looks cheerful —streets are lined with shipments, and the world moves on with high hopes of coming prosperity. Merchants are buying more lavishly, manufacturers are developing new styles and plans, and by March 4th the worst will be over and somebody will be President.

The musical and theatrical world are full of wonder, talent and excitement, and the people will make a display and have enjoyment, although the times are hard and money harder to get at. The Clara Louise Kellogg Opera Company is the Creme de la Creme of all our musical gems, and she is the brightest and sweetest of our musical songstresses. There is a charm in her name, her song and her womanly loveliness combined with exquisite beauty, elegance of style and dress that place her in the front rank of all our American prima donnas. In the language of the poet

"She's all the world to us."

To-night she is indisposed, and her Lucia (de Lamermoor) will be sung by Miss Rosewald. To-morrow night Miss Kellogg is announced to sing in the Flying Dutchman, and on Friday takes a benefit as Mignon. As a supporting tenor, Signor Maas is probably the best tenor in this country. Who can ever forget his Thaddeus and

"Then You'll Remember Me"

in the Bohemian Girl, with Miss Kellogg as Arline, in the duett.

At the close of the present season, the troupe will go to Boston, Newark and elsewhere, for a short season. To-morrow night the New York Press Club give a grand variety entertainment at Steinway Hall, and Mark Twain, Chas. Roberts, Jr., the great elocutionist and others, will assist the vocal instrumental celebrities, of which there are a great variety.

STEINWAY, KNABE AND WEBER.

What a happy family. The piano war almost equals the far-famed whiskey rebellion, the Dorr Rebellion, etc. Steinway sued Knabe for Centennial honors, and a truce was obtained. Steinway swears he got the first award for power, richness and singing quality of tone. Knabe & Co., got power of tone, touch and solidity.

And now comes in Weber, the jolly Dutchman that he is, and exhibits his award for the highest possible musical qualities, *sympathethic*, pure and rich tone combined with greatest power —getting 96 points in a possible scale of 96 points of celebrity. All this is endorsed by Kellogg, Nilsson, Lucca, Patti, Strauss, Wehli, Murska, Albani, Goddard, Carreno, Anna Louise Cary, Mills, Pattison, Mollenhaver, Thomas, Mason, Colby, Bignoli, and Morgan. What a galaxy of stars in the musical world.

The marriage last evening of Miss Marcia Roosevelt to E. B. Scovel, of Detroit, was one of the grandest weddings ever seen in New York. She is a (several) million heiress in her own right and the groom was a tenor in St. Thomas's Church during their courtship. Reception at the Windsor Hotel. Thousands could not get in to the church and reception. The match is a very eligible one in all respects.

New York is full of strangers, hotels are crowded, theatres and opera houses are full. Rents are down 25 per cent. on medium to low property and 50 per cent. on fancy property. The new Bachelor Mayor (Ely) and his city Governments are a success.

"Our Boarding Houses" is the latest theatrical novelty. It's jolly and hits the hash question very hard. LEONARDUS.

☞ The *Southern Planter and Farmer*, published at Richmond, Va., is an old servant of the great agricultural public, having been established so long ago as 1840. Its December number, the last that has reached us, contains a most instructive and entertaining variety of original and selected matter, on a great number of agricultural topics. The editorial department is particularly lively. For Southern cultivation we should pronounce the *Planter and Farmer* simply invaluable.

READ AND RUN.

—Gen. Diaz, the at present recognized President of Mexico, is called on to suppress the banditti that infest the American frontier.

—President Grant has directed the indictment for bribery against ex-Secretary Belknap to be dismissed.

—Fall River is free from ice, too.

—Somebody in Vermont has seen grasshoppers.

—Worcester has been of late in a condition for successful navigation in its streets.

—The bank in Franklin, Indiana, seems to have been thoroughly cleaned out by its cashier, who decamped, leaving the directors not wholly free from a suspicion of collusion.

—Another Pennsylvania coal combination is on the carpet.

—Noman's Land, a resort for the Vineyard fishermen, has been overtaken with an unusually high tide, which swept away six or eight dwellings and boat houses, besides destroying lobster pots, fishing gear, and pickled fish.

—There is a determined movement making in Philadelphia to stop the ringing of the bells of St. Mark's Church. It has become insufferable to a very wide neighborhood from its noise.

—Rev. Mr. Barton, of Vermont, has gone on a pilgrimage to the Holy Land.

—Five Now Hampshire fishermen one day last week caught eight hundred pickerel and perch in a single day, the weight of which was four hundred pounds.

—The late Admiral Alden expressed a wish to be taken to Portland for burial, where his father lies.

—Diphtheria and scarlet fever have made havoc in a great many cities and towns of New England.

—Prince Gortschakoff, of Russia, has resigned office. He has been in public service to an advanced age.

—There is a rumor in Europe that Austria has agreed with Russia to occupy Northern Turkey.

—The Framingham and Lowell Railroad passed the February dividend on coupons of its eight per cent bonds.

—The *London Times* says the object of the Russian circular seems to be to ascertain how far Europe would continue to co-operate with the Czar.

—The National Rifle Association of New York invites rifle clubs of other States to compete at Creedmore, the coming season.

—The New England Agricultural Society has reason to be proud of the part it took in the Centennial Exhibition.

—A good many of the discharged military companies are trying to prevail on the Legislature, for special and particular reasons, to admit them to the State militia again.

—There was an insurance of ten thousand dollars on the life of P. P. Bliss, the composer of Gospel Hymns, who was killed at Ashtabula Bridge.

—Boston and New York bankers have been before Congress to urge the reduction of the tax on banking.

—A deaf and dumb man in Cambridge has been up before the police court for beating his wife and dragging her about by the hair of her head, she being deaf and dumb also.

—The original Declaration of Independence is very properly to be transferred from the Patent office in Washington to the State Department.

—The debt of Saco, Maine, is less than five hundred dollars.

—Jay Gould has sued his own brokers for a conspiracy against his interests.

—Some coal slabs have been brought to the surface in Indiana, with inscriptions, human figures, and other representations upon them. We cannot help thinking of the Cardiff giant.

—Revivals of religion are in progress in many of the cities and towns of Eastern Massachusetts.

—A bee has been seen and heard buzzing about the streets of Newport. He was probably impatient for the return of spring.

—Louisiana claims to have produced thirty-two millions of oranges for her last years' crop.

—Rutland, Vt., is getting to be not a little famous as a mining centre, ores of gold, iron, and coal being found in the immediate neighborhood.

—On the farm of Nathan Wiggin, in Stratham, N. H., a pine tree sixty-three feet high, and nine feet and three inches in diameter at the trunk, was recently cut down and hauled off by thirteen yokes of oxen. It seems almost too bad to bring down a monarch of the woods like that.

—Vermont has a dog, it is said, for every seven inhabitants, which is enough to protect and bite them every one.

—Birds are reported in Maine to be dying by the thousands, because prevented by the long continuance of the snow from getting their customary winter supply of berries, seeds and larvæ.

—Hartford and Springfield are hotly engaged in discussing the tramp question.

—The best grade of Durham and Alderney cows are selling at Lexington, Ky., for only fifty and sixty dollars.

—The Milk Producers' Association is making ready for a stiff fight with the contractors.

—It has been suggested to raise a commission to see whether the sparrows or the butcher birds have the right to the trees on the Common.

—The widow of ex-President Tyler is in Washington.

—An opal mine has been discovered in Mexico.

—Greece feels decidedly spunky because she wasn't asked to take a part in the late useless Conference.

—Mr. Mundella, member from Sheffield, has made a speech in Parliament glorifying American beef, which is now being largely imported into England.

—Dr. Schliemann is to bring his trophies from the excavation of old Troy to England, and give the savans and scholars a chance to criticise.

—The new flower Florida-grown Cape Spinner is like this: "Plums and peaches are in blossom; Mrs. Moore has ripe strawberries in the open grounds of her garden." That was the first of the month.

—The iron trade is reported to be better than for some time past, and the prospects for the year are much superior to what they were a year ago.

—The new Trinity Church edifice in this city was consecrated on Friday last, under impressive and imposing circumstances.

—A couple of antelopes from Kansas were exhibited on State Street, one day last week.

—The High Sheriffs of the several counties of Massachusetts had an annual reunion at Young's Hotel, in this city, last Friday.

—The Phonic system of teaching the first steps in reading, introduced by Dr. Leigh, is to be used in all the District Schools, and the teachers are to be trained for the work.

—"Us Two" is said to be the name of a social organization in this city. It can't be a very numerous one, but may be very wide-spread.

—The Pacific Mills in Lawrence have over five thousand names on their pay-roll.

—Vermont claims to have sixty-five woolen mills.

—Bennington's Centennial in August next is to be a famous affair. Brattleboro promises already to send the largest delegation.

—The recent protracted thaw in the Western part of the State has effectually put an end to the water famine there.

—The State of Maine has recovered fifty thousand dollars from the Maine Central Railroad, in a suit for taxes.

—La Page is to be tried again for the murder of Josie Langmaid, before the New Hampshire Supreme Court at Concord, on the 26th inst.

—The screws are to be tightened a little in the matter of police discipline in this city.

—The Boston Water Board has settled with one-third of the land owners on the line of the Sudbury River conduit, and with nearly all the owners of mills in the valley where the Ashland basin is located.

—The musical market is beginning to look up, as winter goes off.

—The first caisson for the new Poughkeepsie Bridge was launched last Saturday.

—The boot and shoe manufacturers of the United States use annually some twenty thousand alligator skins. They are packed in strong brine and shipped North, where they remain in the hands of the tanner for eight months before being fit for use. Only small portions of the hides are serviceable.

—Lent began with Wednesday of the current week.

—The rent of R. H. White & Co's. new retail dry goods store in this city is said to be $67,000.

—Indictments have been found against the four leading horse railroad companies in this city, for salting their tracks.

—The Irish Societies of Boston will have their annual parade on St. Patrick's Day, March 17th.

—Boston has seventy-two livery stables, thirty-three boarding, five hack, and thirty-four sale stables.

—The Agassiz Museum property has now increased to a money value of more than $120,000.

—It is computed that over eight thousand dogs are kept in Boston.

—Attractions for the children are being continually added to the Old South collection.

—The city of Salem is thinking of embarking in a comprehensive plan of drainage.

—The English mine owners are said to be about to introduce Chinese laborers to work the coal mines. The Chinamen will have to go down so deep to work that they may well think they are digging their way back home.

—May, of duel notoriety, has come back to New York again.

—Russia is continuing her preparations for war.

☞ The annual statement of the Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York, which appears in our advertising columns of to-day, is well worthy of careful perusal, as indicating such a sound and satisfactory financial condition. This company occupies the foremost rank as the greatest Life Insurance Company in the United States.

☞ The Transactions of the Agricultural Society of *Middlesex South* for 1876, has been issued in an exceedingly neat style, and forwarded to us by the Society's Secretary, Abel F. Stevens, Esq. Besides the proceedings, the pamphlet contains the record of premiums and awards, together with much other related and interesting matter. John Johnson, Esq., of Framingham, is President of this vigorous Society.

☞ Mr. J. A. Royce, for seventeen years editor of the *Lee Gleaner*, of which he was the founder, has retired to his ancestral home in Lanesboro. He has invented a butter worker and a pail for marketing butter, which he uses with satisfaction to his city customers. Rev. C. Collard Adams, of Churchmere Farm, Lanesboro, is to introduce Adams' Aerating Churns to the attention or the farmers of Berkshire as soon as the butter season opens.

MESSRS. W. W. BOSTWICK & Co., the well-known publishers of this city have completed arrangements whereby they offer a magnificent premium to subscribers. It consists of a fine steel engraving, entitled, "Christ in the Temple," the retail price of which is $5.00, and is sent by them free on receipt of amount to cover cost of postage.—*Cincinnati Gazette.*

☞ We were exposed last week to a pitiless storm, that wet our feet and stockings, and indeed our person all over. In fact we took a cracking cold, which brought sore throat and severe symptoms of fever. The good wife asserted her authority, plunged our feet in hot water, wrapped us in hot blankets, and sent our faithful son for a bottle of AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL. It is a splendid medicine—pleasant to take, and did the job. We slept soundly through the night and awoke well the next morning. We know we owe our quick recovery to the Pectoral, and shall not hesitate to recommend it to all who need such a medicine.—*Tuscaloosa (Texas) Presbyterian.*

FRANK MILLER'S HARNESS OIL received the highest and only award at the Centennial Exhibition.

BRONCHITIS.

From John Flagg, Esq., of Bennington, N. H.

"Three years since I was very much reduced with a dreadful cough, which resulted in Bronchitis, affecting me so severely as to render it difficult to speak in an audible voice. To this was added severe night sweats, and I was fearful of going into a decline. After recourse to various remedies, to no purpose, I made use of DR. WISTAR'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY, a few bottles of which fully restored me to health. Since that time I have had several severe attacks of cough, but the BALSAM has always removed them. I always keep it by me, and should not know how to do without it."

50 cents and $1 a bottle. Sold by all druggists

☞ Tetter, Salt Rheum, Scald Head, &c., will certainly yield to the great alterative effects of the VEGETINE.

Mothers Give your Baby Milk of Magnesia, if food turns sour on its stomach. The little creature will vomit it with avidity, as it is smooth and pleasant to the taste. It is infinitely preferable to the ordinary calcined or carbonate of magnesia. Sold by all Druggists.

For Bronchial, Asthmatic, and Pulmonary Complaints, and Coughs and Colds, "*Brown's Bronchial Troches*" manifest remarkable curative properties.

FRANK MILLER'S LEATHER PRESERVATIVE and Water Proof Blacking received the highest premium at the Centennial Exhibition.

THE STOCK MARKET.

State Street, 3 P. M., Feb. 14, 1877.

	OFFERED.	ASKED
American Gold	105¾	105¾
Boston Land Co	4¼	5¼
Boston Water Power	5¾	6¼
Brookline Land Company	3¾	4
Eastern Railroad	—	—
Boston, Hartford & Erie R. R. 7s.	—	—
Boston & Albany Railroad	127	—
Boston & Maine Railroad	97¼	98
Cincin., Sandy & Cleveland R. R.	4¼	4¾
Eastern Railroad	4¾	5
Metropolitan Railroad	65	66
Michigan Central Railroad	—	—
Old Colony Railroad	101	102
Rutland Railroad, preferred	7	8
Vermont & Canada Railroad	—	—

MARRIAGES.

In this city, Feb. 10, by the Rev. S. H. Winkley, Otis S. Eastman of Allenstown, N. H., to Miss Hannah M. Smiley of Manchester, N. H.

Feb. 11, by Rev. Dr. Brown, Mr. Herbert Wetherbee to Miss Louisa Y. Meserve, both of Boston.

Feb. 8, by Rev. A. Bullen, D. D., Mr. John S. Burnett of Medford, to Mrs. Elizabeth F. Mitchell of Somerville.

In Salem, Feb. 8, by Rev. J. P. Franks, assisted by Rev. G. L. Locke, Mr. Benjamin Shreve to Miss Mary L., eldest daughter of J. L. Gardner of Bristol, R. I.

In Holliston, Feb. 7, by Rev. T. C. Biscoe, assisted by Rev. A. A. Benjamin, Rev. A. A. Tracy of Sutton, to Miss Harriet March of Holliston.

In Milford, Jan. 31, by Rev. Julius B. Robinson, Mr. Charles Nason of Milford to Miss Flavia Hatch of Plymouth, Mass.

In Lancaster, Feb. 7, by Rev. Mr. Bartol, Charles E. Tufts of Somerville, to Miss Ida A. Hawkins of Lancaster.

In Perkinsville, Vt., Feb. 7, by Rev. W. H. Rugg, Rev. A. J. Hopkins of Dunbarton, N. H., to Miss Mary C. Martin.

In Providence, R. I., Feb. 8, by Rev. D. H. Greer, Austin G. Fox of New York, to Alice, daughter of the late Thomas F. Hoppin.

In Foxboro, Feb. 8, by Rev. Dr. Randall, James A. Reid of Providence, R. I., to Anna, daughter of Ethan Alton, Esq., of Foxboro.

In Norfolk, Conn., Feb. 7, by Rev. John F. Gleason, Walter Warland of Norfolk, to Mary E. Jones of Sandisfield, Mass.

DEATHS.

In this city, Feb. 10, Stanley Chester Burnham, 26 d.

Feb. 12, Charles Russell Cutter, 52 years.

Feb. 10, John Stutson, 80 years.

Feb. 11, Samuel Alberton of Stoughton, 92 years 5 months.

Feb. 10, William Appleton, 82 years.

Feb. 8, Oliver Smith Chapman of Canton, 85 years.

In Boston Highlands, Feb. 11, Oscar Brackett, 64 years 9 months.

In Boston Highlands, Feb. 12, Mary E. Lockwood, 65 years 10 months.

In Charlestown, Feb. 11, Ruth, wife of Charles Waite, 70 years.

In Cambridge, Feb. 10, Miss Susan Downing, 65 years 9 months.

In South Boston, Feb. 9, Maggie E., wife of J. F. Mayo, 30 years 5 months.

In Revere, Mrs. Eleanor Pratt, 78 years.

In Arlington, Henry J. Bacon, 47 years.

In Quincy, Feb. 12, Rebecca Lincoln, 51 years.

In Westboro', Feb. 12, Ira Goodrich, 76 yrs 11 mos.

In Stockbridge, Mass., Feb. 10, Eliza Prentice, wife of Dr. L. S. Adams, 64 years.

In Worcester, Jan. 26, Mr. Jeremiah Bond, 76 years 3 months.

In Worcester, Feb. 9, Charles Chadwick Mills, late of Oldham (Lancashire,) Eng., 45 years.

In Worcester, Feb. 9, Orra Lincoln, only daughter of the late Ambrose Lincoln, 22 years 4 months.

In Worcester, Feb. 9, Bridget H., wife of Daniel Harvey, 55 years.

In Taunton, Feb. 3, Charles F. Burbank, son of Sarah and James W. Burbank, 20 years 6 months 27 days.

In Middletown, Conn., Feb. 8, Mrs. Hannah Pierce, 82 years.

In Quincy, Cal., Jan. 28, Charles T. Kaulback.

In Clipper Fails, Cal., Jan. 29, Joshua A. Varney, formerly of Boston, 74 years.

BOSTON LEATHER MARKET.

The leather market is somewhat unsettled, with a good deal of difference between the views of buyers and sellers. The former are holding off as long as possible.

Rough Leather is easy, and may be quoted lower on all grades. The weakness, however, is not so marked as in Sole.

We quote good to choice 10@13 pound hemlock average suitable for grain 28@30c. Medium and heavy grades, 27@28c. Rough oak, 10@12 pound, No. 1, 26@31c, heavy 29@33c. Buffalos averaging 30@36 pounds, at 30@33c. Other grades 42@46c. Sheepskins, best 12@15 lb skins, 27@31c; No. 2 13@29c.

Wax and Kip are easy, but are very hard to quote, owing to the deadlock in the market. Sheepskins are in good request, especially in imitation of calf. These skins are now well prepared so skillfully that they cannot be distinguished from goat except that they are not so strong.

We quote wax at 16@23; kip, 17@21c; very choice, 30@25c; grain, 15@20c for heavy, 15@17c for light; pebbled, 13@17c; buff, 16@20c; enamelled, 14@16c; patent 16@22c ₩ foot; splits, 29@31c ₩ lb for common, 35@40 for choice. Yard Calfskins 90c@$1 20. Sheepskins $1 50@8 00.

Crop Sole is unsettled, but on the whole favors buyers. Some dealers report that the demand runs more for light than middle weights. The market seems to have been broken originally by a New York party, who was probably forced to sell.

Light crop 35@37; Damaged 31@32; Middle crop 35@36; Crop bellies 16@18; Heavy crop 35@37; Belting bellies 18@21; Light backs 36@38; Hose bellies 19 @22; Middle backs 35@38; Union bellies 19@23; Heavy backs 37@39; Carriers' counters 7@10.

Hemlock Sole is very dull, but some tanners expect a good trade in the next ten days, believing that manufacturers cannot hold out longer. The European markets are reported to hold smaller stocks than before for years, and shipments are being resumed with vigor.—*Com. Bulletin.*

BOSTON LUMBER MARKET.

The general market is very quiet. The demand shows some slight signs of improvement, owing to the milder weather, but few will venture at this season of the year upon new building operations. The spruce which is now arriving is nearly all by cars. The demand for clapboards is very light. Southern pine is in fair demand at $28 00@30 00 for prime flooring and step plank, and $24 00@26 00 for building and bridge timbers. Ship orders, $22 00@27 00. South American and West India timbers, dry or green, $14 00@18 00 at mills. Second quality flooring is dull at $12 00@18 00.—*Com. Bulletin.*

BUILDING MATERIALS

Are in very small demand, as usual at this season of the year.

Cement, Portland, $4 25; do. Rondout, $1 45; Brick, common, hard, $8 50@9 00; do. Boston face, $14@17 50; Calcine Plaster, $1 65@2 28; Lime, 90; Hair No. 1, 20@25; do. No. 2, 15@20.

NEW YORK CATTLE MARKET.

Beeves—There were many good cattle. Prices, 8¼@9¾c for thin natives, and four cars Texans at 9¾@10c; for thinnish to good steers at 11@12c; prime to extra, few and reaching 12¾; averaging strong 10c, with large sales for shipping to Europe.

Sheep—Total receipts 24,500 head, or 4000 head more than the previous week; a slow market. Holders are trying to maintain asking prices, and butchers claiming to reluctone, hence, a sort of dead lock. Quotations at 4¾@5¾c for thin; 5¾@6c for medium to pretty good, 6¾@7c for prime to choice; few very fat at 7¾c; one car of superior State, averaging 125 lbs at 7¾c.

Hogs—Total receipts, 20,200 head, with 8,000 head. The market is firm at 6@6¾c for city, and 7¾c for western dressed.

FERTILIZER MARKET.

Retail Prices at Boston.

Prepared by W. H. Booker & Co., 49 Chatham St., Boston.

STOCKBRIDGE MANURES.
(For prices, see pamphlet, SENT FREE.)

	Sol. Phos. per cent.	Acid. Ammonia per cent.	Per 100 lbs.
AMMONIA.			
Sulphate Ammonia	24@25		$5,50
Nitrate Soda	17@18	4,00@4,25	
Nitrate Potash	15@16	8,00@9,00	
Dried Blood	3 @ 3	12@14	3,00
Dried Blood & Meat ground		10@12	2,00@2,50
AMMONIA AND PHOSPHORIC ACID.			
Dissolved Bone Black	15@18		2,00
Bowker's Hill and Drill Fertiliser		3@4	$40 ton. 2,50
Brighton Fertilizer	10@12	3@10	45 " 2,50
Bowker's Ground Bone	20@22	3@5	45 " 3,50
Fine Bone Black	30@34		1,50

W. H. Monroe sold 16 head Illinois
60 @ 100 lbs, averaging 1,363 lbs; 17
00, averaging 1,235 lbs; 46 head at
ging 1,289 lbs; 15 head at $5 50,
276 lbs; 15 head at $5 65, averaging
head at $5 75, averaging 1,218 lbs;
95, averaging 1,280 lbs; 34 head a
ging 1,273 lbs; 16 head, at $6 00
400 lbs.
& Swift sold 61 head at $5 40, aver-
bs, and 32 head at $5 25, averaging

ows.—The receipts were about 120
hich were consigned to Brighton, 20
y. 20 to Catskill, and the remainder
upon the market. The demand for
active, but yet it exhibited a mate-
over the business of last week, the
ver, being in favor of the buyer. A
and Springers was made at $30 00,
a local dealer. Besides these there
20 head, part of the leavings of the
k, all of which were taken at $40 00
pringers and Milkers.
d Lambs.—The supply was of a
quality, mostly State stock and
heep, only a few Lambs having been
a Canada and this State. We note a
head New York Lambs to G. W.
nton, at 8c @ lb, averaging 84 lbs.
Sheep, common to fair, 4@5c @
od, 5@5½c; good to extra, 5½@6c
oice a fraction more. Lambs, com-
5½@6c; fair to good, 6½@7c, good
@c., and Premium Sc @ lb.—*Albany*

ADELPHIA MARKET.

tle dull and prices rather lower;
extra Pennsylvania and Western
25@6 50; fair to good $5 00@6 00;
@4 75 @ 100 lbs gross. Sheep in
sales of 8,000 at 4½@7c @ lb. Hogs
d; sales of 3000.

ORSE CATTLE MARKET.

tle.—The market has been slow
ek, there being little, if any activity
any time.
week for Beef Cattle ranged as fol-
ers at $5 12½@6 20; that generally
ality $4 25@5 12; medium or good
$5 50@4 25; ordinary thin Steers,
rs $3 00@3 12; general average of
ock $4 25; extreme range of prices
per cent. Most of the sales were from $4 00
lbs.
he prices ruling last week were
ained for the offerings of this week.
ht bacon at 8c@8½c., and best
c., most sales being at 8c @ lb

rices vary but little from those of
at all. The quality is quite as good
with few exceptions. We quote at
gress.—*Baltimore Sun.*

TTLE CATTLE MARKET.

tle.—During the past week the
mmon and medium grades suffered
ction in values amounting to 25c
hoice shipping grades, however, as
ker's, feeder's and butcher's stock,
well-sustained demand at prices
slightly lower range than was paid
mediately preceding. That choice
attle did not share in the reduction
wing to the demand for this class
on, a branch of the trade to which
previously been made in these col-
hich is fast growing into important
Stockers and feeders generally sold
the demand was quite active, and
ular droves of the former, buyers
75, while feeders were salable at
The bulk of the sales to shippers
@4 75 per 100 lbs for the best 1,250 to
with choice to extra offerings in
50@6 00. By far the larger pro-
supply consisted of half-fattened
native steers, which sold slightly
, according to quality, showing a
50c @ 100 lbs for this class since
Grades and prices range as follows
Grades and prices range as follows
@5 60@6 00; choice
$5 00@5 40; good to choice native
@4 75; fair to medium steers, $4 15
@4 75; fair to fair steers, $3 75@4 00;
ns, $2 75@3 75; stock steers, $3 25
and heifers, $2 50@3 75.
e supply was all sold, and the quota-
$3 75@5 10 @ 100 lbs for light or
and at $3 80@4 65 for common to
heavy packing and shipping hogs.
ight mixed lots of all weights were
75@5 25.
oth the demand and supply showed
in this market during the past week,
ranged but slightly. Shippers
elpful buyers. We quote prices to
75@3 50; medium at $3 75@4 00,
choice at $4 25@5 25 @ 100 lbs.—
Albany

MARKET, BOSTON.

etail Prices.

ously for the Ploughman, for the week ending February 17.

BEEF, &c.

E. Holden & Son, Nos. 49 and 51.

Rib roast	20@25	Suet	4@10
Sirloin do	20@25	Beef Tongue	10@14
Chuck do	14@20	Corned Beef	8@12½
Rump do	20@25	Smoked Beef	20@25
Round steak	20@25	Beef Tongue, salt	12@14
Mess Beef	12@14		

Pork, Lard, &c.

Ingraved by Levi Flint & Co., No. 28.

Pork	10@11	Smoked Should's	10@11
Spare-rib	11@13	Smoked Ribs	9@10
Pork Sausages	12@14	Smoked Sausages	12@14
Mutton	9@10	Pigs' Feet	4@10
Veal	11@14	Lard	11@12

Meat and Mutton

Sold by L. B. Hiscock, Nos. 9 & 11.

Beef	20@25	Mutton, legs	14@20
Beef	12@14	Mutton, should's	10@12½
Veal	12½@20		

Butter, Cheese, &c.

Sold by C. Chamberlin & Co., Nos. 79 & 81.

Butter	24@26	Fair to good do	12@15
Do	30@32	Farm	8@13
Do	25@28	Eggs	
Do	22@25	Cape	26@30
Do	20@22	Eastern	28@30
Do	23@25	Northern	27@28
Do	20@23	Western	26@27
Do	18@18		

Poultry, Game, &c.

Sold by W. Robbins, Nos. 33 & 35.

Turkeys	18@20	Pigeons, stall fed, doz	60@
Do	20@22	Pigeons, wild	60@
Fowls	18@18	Woodcock, pair	75@1 00
Do	20@22	Teal, @ pair	50@ 75
Chickens	20@25	Snipe, dozen	60@
Do	20@22	Reed, dozen	60@
Ducks	20@22	Brant, @ pair	@
Do	20@22	Coots, each	25@
Geese	20@22	Plover, dozen	60@
Do	20@22	Rabbits, each	15@ 20
Pigeons	60@75	Hares, each	15@ 25
Do	60@75	Pickles @ gallon	
Do	60@75	Cucumbers	25@ 75
Do	60@75	Martinos	@ 75
Do	60@75	Limes	@ 50
Do	60@75	Lychees Nuts	@ 75
Do	60@75	Pine, box	@ 7 00
Do	60@75	Pine, per doz	@ 80

Fish, &c.

Sold by Walker & Rich, Nos. 173 & 177.

Cod	6@ 20	Shad	50@
Haddock	6@ 7	Pickerel, lb	12@
Halibut	6@ 10	Perch, doz	17@
Do	6@ 10	White Fish	@
Mackerel	6@ 15	Salmon Trout	@
Do	6@ 10	Brook Trout	@
Herring	6@ 10	Sword Fish, lb	@
Do	6@ 10	Lobsters, lb	@ 15
Do	6@ 10	Frogs' Legs, dz	@ 62
Do	6@ 10	Herring, salt	@ 2
Do	6@ 10	Herring, smoked	@
Do	6@ 10	Do	@ 50
Do	6@ 10	Tongues and Sounds	@
Do	6@ 10	Scollops, qt	@ 12
Do	6@ 10	Scollops, gal	@ 40
Do	6@ 10	Oysters, solid	@ 20
Do	6@ 10	@ gallon	@1 00
Do	6@ 10	Clams, gallon	@ 80
Do	6@ 10	Quohaugs, solid	@ 20
Do	6@ 10	Do @ quart	@ 8
Do	6@ 10		

Wholesale Prices.

QUINCY MARKET.

Beef, &c.

E. Holden & Son, Nos. 49 & 51.

Sirloin	@15 00	Smoked Shoulder	@ 11
Rump	@15 00	Smoked Ribs	@ 10
Chuck	@11 00	Sausage	@12
Fore quarter	@ 9 00	Pigs' Feet	@10
Hind quarter	@11 00	Lard	@11

Veal and Mutton

Sold by L. B. Hiscock, Nos. 9 & 11.

Veal	@ 13	Lamb, sp'g, lb	@ 20
Veal	@ 14	Do, @ lb	@ 12

Butter, Cheese and Eggs.

Sold by C. Chamberlin & Co., Nos. 79 & 81.

CHEESE.

Factory	@ 20	Fine Factory	14@ 16
Factory	@ 20	Fair to good do	12@ 13
Factory	@ 25	Farm	6@ 13
Eggs	@ 22	Eggs.	
Eastern	@ 30	Eastern	@ 28
Northern	@ 30	Northern	@ 27
Western	@ 28	Western	@ 27

Poultry, Game, &c.

Sold by W. Robbins, Nos. 33 & 35.

Turkeys	@ 20	Pigeons, stall fed, doz	@ 3 00
Chickens	@ 20	Pigeons, wild	@ 2 50
Fowls	@ 18	Woodcock, pair	@ 2 50
Ducks	@ 18	Teal, @ pair	@ 2 00
Geese	@ 18	Snipe, dozen	@ 2 00
Pigeons	@ 60	Reed, dozen	@ 1 00
Rabbits	@ 15	Brant, @ pair	@ 1 25
Hares	@ 15	Coots, each	@ 25
Venison	@ 10	Plover, dozen	@ 1 00
Moose	@ 10	Rabbits, each	@ 15
Bear	@ 10	Hares, each	@ 25
Caribou	@ 10	Antelope	@ 10

Fruit and Vegetables.

Sold by Smith, Avery & Co., Nos. 97 & 99.

Apples	@ 2 50	Jackson	@ 3 00
Do	@ 3 00	Beans, white	@ 4 00
Do	@ 3 00	Medium, bu	@ 2 50
Do	@10 00	Pea, bush	@ 2 50
Do	@ 4 00	Squashes, cwt	@ 2 50
Do	@ 5 00	Rubbard	@ 00 00
Do	@ 5 00	@ ton	@20 00
Do	@ 5 50	Marrow	@ 00 @ 00
Do	@ 3 00	Cabbage	@ 00
Do	@ 3 00	Crookneck	@
Do	@ 3 00	Pickles, bbl	@12 00
Do	@ 3 75	Cucumber	@ 00 @ 00
Do	@ 3 50	Limes	@ 50 @ 7 00

BOSTON HAY MARKET.

RETAIL PRICES.

Hay	@20 00	Straw, bun	@1 00
Hay	@16 00		

BOSTON SEED MARKET.

Brock & Son, 51 North Market St.

Timothy	@ 1 25	Hung's Grass, bush	@ 1 25
Timothy	@ 1 25	Millet, bush	@ 1 25
Timothy	@ 1 25	Red Top, bush	@ 2 00
Timothy	@ 1 25	R. I. Bent, bu	@ 3 00
Timothy	@ 1 25	Winter Rye, @ bush	@ 1 25
Timothy	@ 1 25	Wheat, @ bush	@ 1 50
Timothy	@ 1 25	Red Top, @ bush	@ 3 00
Timothy	@ 1 25	Orch'd Grass, @ bush	@ 2 00
Timothy	@ 1 25	Timothy, @ bush	@3 00 @ 00
Timothy	@ 1 25		

Massachusetts Anglers' Association.—A meeting of this association was held Wednesday evening, Feb. 14th, at its rooms on Washington Street which was well attended, a number of ladies being among the company by invitation. After the transaction of a little routine business a letter was read from Mr. Harvey D. Parker, presenting a bust of his deceased partner, Mr. John F. Mills, to the association, Mr. Mills having been a Vice-President at the time of his death; and a committee was appointed, of which Col. Needham was Chairman, to make a suitable acknowledgement to Mr. Parker. A general talk on the aquarium and kindred matter was then given by Mr. William Emerson Baker, in which he suggested the best methods of construction and management of those receptacles for fish as proved by his own experience. At the close of the address of Mr. Baker, a collation was enjoyed by the company.

New Advertisements.

DARLING'S
PURE
GROUND BONE

For the analysis of which we refer you to the Massachusetts Agricultural Report by Goessmann, 52 to 55 per cent. Bone Phosphate and 4 to 5 per cent. Ammonia.

DARLING'S
ANIMAL FERTILIZER

Is composed of 700 lbs pure Bone, 700 lbs Animal Dust, 400 lbs Dried Blood, 200 lbs Muriate Potash, 80 per cent. The whole together analyzing 10 per cent. Ammonia, 11 per cent. Phosphoric Acid, and about 8 per cent. Muriate Potash.

This Fertilizer is applicable to any of the formulas for plant food, as you will see it runs high of Ammonia, Phosphoric Acid and Potash, and is sold at a much less price.

From the reputation we have gained on our

GROUND BONE

In the past twelve years, we trust our patrons will not be backward in trying our

ANIMAL FERTILIZER.

(Send for a sample, it will cost you nothing.)

L. B. DARLING & CO.,
PAWTUCKET, R. I.

Agents in Boston, JOS. BRECK & SONS, PARKER & GANNETT, WHITTEMORE BROS.
feb17-17t

What 1000 nds
SAY OF RUSSEL COE'S
AMMONIATED
BONE SUPERPHOSPHATE.

"WETHERSFIELD, CONN., 1st Feb. 1877."

"WHITTEMORE BROS.,—*Gents:* We have *used* "Russel Coe's Superphosphate for the past two "years, and find it to be "*number one*" in every "*respect*, and can *recommend* it to *any farmer in* "*this country*. We have never had a fertilizer we "*like as well*. Yours truly."

"(Signed) JOHNSON, ROBBINS & CO."

With above testimonial we received an order for *six* tons *for their own use*.

☞ Send for pamphlet containing analyses by *Prof. Goessmann*, State Chemist of Massachusetts, *Prof. Atwater*, State Chemist of Connecticut, and *Prof. Johnson* of Yale College.

WHITTEMORE BROS.
Agricultural Warehouse and Seed Store.
128 & 130 South Market St., Boston.
feb17-eow4t

ANIMAL DUST.

A NEW AND INODOROUS
FERTILIZER,

MADE FROM THE
BLOOD, REFUSE MEAT AND BONE
OF OUR
PORK PACKING ESTABLISHMENT
At Medford St., Somerville.

This material has proved itself one of the best in use for the past three years. **Price $40 per ton in** Bags or Barrels, free on cars here. No circulars, pamphlets, and further information, apply to the Manufacture's.

CHAS. H. NORTH & CO.,
Office, 27 and 29 F. H. Market, Boston.

Also, manufacturers of GLUE, Slaughterers and wholesale dealers in **Live and Dressed Hogs** and **Packers of Pork, Beef, Lard, Hams, and Bacon, &c.**

33 & 34 North Market Street, BOSTON.
feb17-13t

HENRY G. HAWES,
Original Importer into New England direct from Germany, of the celebrated
Stassfurt Potash Salts
—FOR—
FERTILIZING,

Offers for sale the following grades:

80@85 per cent. Sulphate of Potash.
80@85 per cent. Muriate of Potash.

Liberal discount to the trade.

2 CENTRAL WHARF.
P. O. Box 1791. feb17-13t

Wanted,

BY A PRACTICAL FARMER, a situation as Foreman on a Gentleman's Stock Farm. Having had experience in all branches of Farming and Stock Raising, can furnish good recommendations as to ability, etc. Address PRACTICAL FARMER, Jaffrey, N. H. feb17-3t

Plymouth Rocks.

THE BEST, THE CHEAPEST. Will sell a few trios of the above celebrated Fowls, at $25 per trio. Eggs from the above carefully packed and delivered to any Express, at $2 00 per doz., two doz. $3.00. Address FRANK E. HOWE,
feb17-tf 66 Commercial St., Boston, Mass.

THE ROYAL FRAGRANCE
SOLID COLOGNE!

THIS new and superior Cologne is presented in *Solid Form*. For excellence and durability of perfume, it far surpasses any liquid Cologne. An elegant *Toilet Article*. No soiling or staining of delicate fabrics. *Very good to protect the ravages of moths in clothing*. Three samples by mail for 25 cts. *Send for it!* Postage stamps received in payment. Address DR. W. A. HUBBARD, Chemist, No. 44 North Anderson St., Boston, Mass. feb17-52t

THE DARNING MACHINE,
AN ARTICLE OF
HOUSEHOLD ECONOMY,
for the purpose of
DARNING STOCKINGS,
appropriately called the
Cast Iron Grandmother.
Price $10.
Can be seen at the
REMINGTON SEWING MACHINE CO.,
feb17-6t **146 Tremont St., Boston.**

DEAFNESS CURED.

Even in cases of long standing and apparently hopeless.

DISCHARGES FROM THE EAR,
From whatever cause, permanently healed.
CATARRH, OFFENSIVE BREATH,
Throat Affections, Asthma, Bronchitis, etc., radically cured, and all diseases of the
EYE,
Whether requiring medical or surgical aid, successfully attended by
DR. A. P. LIGHTHILL,
5 Tremont Place, rear of **Tremont House.**
Hours from 9 till 2. jan6

JEWEL BY for all. The **EUREKA CASKET**

contains one pair gold-plated engraved sleeve buttons, one set (3) spiral shirt studs, one Gents' fin. coral pin, one improved shape collar stud, one Gents' fine link watch chain, and one Ladies Rosary wedding ring; price of one casket, $5 00; two for **$9.50**, six for **$18**, six for **$24**, and 12 for **$36**, all sent post paid by mail. Six dozen and a solid silver watch, for **$200**. Agents can make money selling these caskets. Send 3 cts. stamps for sample and catalogue. We have all kinds of jewelry at low prices. **COLES & CO., 735 Broadway, New York City.**

☞ We are the **Originators** in this business, and have no "Milton Gold" or "brass" jewelry.
feb10-4t

Commonwealth of Massachusetts

Middlesex, ss. Probate Court.
To the Heirs-at-Law, next of Kin, and all other Persons interested in the Estate of LUCY MAXWELL, late of Groton, in said County, deceased.
Greeting:

WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to be the last Will and Testament of said deceased, has been presented to said Court, for Probate, by WILLIAM MAXWELL, who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to him, the Executor therein named, and that he may be exempt from giving a surety or sureties on his being pursuant to said will and statute.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the fourth Tuesday of February instant, at nine o'clock before noon, to show cause, if any you have, against the same.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof by publishing this citation once a week, for three successive weeks, in the newspaper called the Massachusetts Ploughman, printed at Boston, the last publication to be *ten* days at least before said Court.

Witness GEORGE M. BROOKS, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this sixth day of February, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and seventy-seven. J. H. TYLER, Register.
feb10-3t

New Advertisements.

HOLBROOK SWIVEL PLOW.

THE STANDARD OF AMERICA.

This well known and popular Plow, as now modified and improved, continues to be unequalled. It has met and defeated every other Swivel Plow of note in use, and is *the* Plow for you to buy.

We offer it for the season of 1877, at

GREATLY REDUCED PRICE.

Send for Circular. Manufactured only by
EVERETT & SMALL,
43 South Market Street, Boston, Mass.
feb17-8t

MATTHEWS' GARDEN SEED DRILL,

As improved for 1877, and **Matthews' Hand Cultivator** are unequalled.—Sold separate or combined. Send for Circular. Manufactured only by
Everett & Small,
43 So. Market Street, Boston. Mass.
feb17-eow4t

PURE SEED

We have a *large stock* of **Garden, Grass, Field and Flower Seeds** of as **pure** and **reliable quality** as can be had in the **world**, and at the *lowest* market prices, at **wholesale** and **retail.**

Send for a Price List.

WHITTEMORE BROS.,
Agricultural Warehouse & Seed Store,
128 & 130 So. Market St.
feb17-8t

FOR SALE OR TO LET.

Valuable Farm in Tiverton, R. I.

In Tiverton, Newport County, Rhode Island. An excellent Farm of 100 acres, the residence of the late Thomas H. Borden, situated in a rarely attractive location in a pleasant village, and borders on Nonquit Pond. The land is fertile, well watered, divided into meadow, pasture and woodland; has two orchards, and is fenced with stone wall. The buildings comprise a modern two story House of 14 rooms, Barn, Carriage House, Granery, Poultry, Tool, and Wood House. The House is shaded by a tasteful variety of well-grown trees.

The Farm is five miles from the Old Colony Depot, on main road from Fall River to Seacomnet. It commands itself equally to the practical farmer or to a gentleman desiring a summer residence.

For particulars apply to MRS. LUCY D. BORDEN, Tiverton Four Corners, R. I., or JOHN BORDEN, No. 33 Batterymarch Street, Boston, Mass. feb17-2t*

FOR SALE.

Valuable Milk Farm near Lowell.

A Milk Farm containing forty-four acres, two miles from Lowell. Nine hundred dollars' worth of Milk were sold from the Farm during the past year. One hundred cords of wood can be cut from the wood lot. A Milk Route is attached to the Farm, sending milk to Lowell, and the business can be continued and increased to any extent desired. Lowell is a growing city of 52,000 inhabitants. The Farm is one of the best in this section of the State, and for an enterprising man, a rare opportunity is offered. The buildings are in good repair, and consist of a two story Dwelling House, Barn and the necessary outbuildings. Apply to the owner, &c., &c. This is one of the most pleasantly situated Farms in Middlesex County, is near "Willow Dale," a favorite summer resort for the best class of Lowell people. There is a large Woollen Mill in full operation within a half-mile of the Farm. The Milk and Milk Route will be sold independent of the stock, if the buyer wishes. Price $4500 for Farm and Milk Route. Will sell on easy terms. Apply to C. H. FLANDERS, 96 Merrimack St., Lowell, Mass., or at 83 Green St., Boston, Mass. feb17-8t*

Farm to Let.

A very desirable Farm of 30 acres of land, 18 miles from Boston, 1 mile from depot. Best of land, mowing and tillage. Buildings in good repair; rent very low, if applied for soon by the right person, at Box 2263, Boston Post Office. feb17-3t*

HOME GROWN SEEDS.

We invite attention to our very large and varied assortment of the best Home grown Farm, Garden, and Flower Seeds; embracing the very best strains for Farmers, Family Gardens, Amateurs and Florists; also all novelties of merit introduced the past year. Our Catalogue, with various seeds at reasonable prices, are invited to send for our new catalogue, which will be sent free to customers and all who apply. Can be sent by mail or express to all parts of the country.

HOVEY & CO., Boston, Mass.
feb17-ow2t

SELECT *All who wish Pure and Reliable Seed,* **SEEDS**

at reasonable prices, should send for our ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE for 1877, descriptive of all the NEW, NOVEL and CHOICEST varieties of *Vegetable and Field Seeds*, and SEED POTATOES. NEW VEGETABLES a *specialty*. Catalogue sent free to all applicants.

HAWKINS & CORNISH,
feb17-ow3t Goshen, N. Y.

TREES! PLANTS!

With a very large stock of superior quality, I will convince purchasers of the economy of selecting reliable plants, of home growth, at a responsible Nursery. Prices decidedly lower than by travelling agents. Wholesale and retail catalogues to applicants.

WM. C. STRONG,
Nonantum Hill, Brighton, Mass. feb17-10t

VICK'S FLORAL GUIDE

a beautiful Quarterly Journal, finely illustrated, and containing an elegant colored *Flower Plate* with the first number. Price only 25 cents for the year. The first No. for 1877 just issued in German and English.

Vick's Flower & Vegetable Garden, in paper 50 cents; with elegant cloth covers $1.00.

Vick's Catalogue—300 Illustrations, only 2 cts.

Address **JAMES VICK,**
feb17-mch3 Rochester, N. Y.

OUR PEST POISON

Is a Safe, Sure and Cheap Destroyer of the **Potato Bug, Tobacco Fly, Cabbage, Currant, and Gooseberry Worm** and of all insects that EAT THE LEAF. Unlike Paris Green and other Poisons, it can be entirely dissolved in water and applied by sprinkling. NOT INJURIOUS to Plants. NOT DANGEROUS to use. Never fails to kill. Costs about **$5** CENTS AN ACRE. Put up in half pound boxes, enough for two acres. Price 50 cents. Send for Circular with Testimonials. Also KILL HOUSE FLIES, Cockroaches, Rats and Mice.

RICE & HAYNES' CHEMICAL WORKS,
P. O. Box 6139. 66 Cortlandt St., New York.
feb17-211

25 FANCY CARDS, 18 styles, with name, 10c.; 25 Snowflake Cards, 7 styles, with name, 20c.; 25 Fancy Scroll Cards, 15 styles, no name, 10c; postpaid. J. B. HUSTED, Nassau, Rens. Co., N. Y. feb17-1t

EPILEPSY OR FITS absolutely and speedily cured by the use of Dr. Ross' Epileptic Remedies. TRIAL PACKAGE SENT FREE. Address, ROSS BROTHERS, P. O. Box 819 Main Street, RICHMOND, IND.
feb17-4t—eow4t

MUSIC BOOKS for REED ORGANS.

CLARKE'S NEW METHOD FOR REED ORGANS, ($2.50) is universally known as one of rare merit, both in the instructive course, and the well chosen airs for practice.

GETZE'S SCHOOL FOR PARLOR ORGAN ($2.50.) The sale of more than 30,000 copies is the best proof of its great popularity.

EMERSONS' NEW METHOD FOR REED ORGANS, ($2.50) is the work of two distinguished musicians, and is equal to the best.

ROOT'S SCHOOL FOR THE CABINET ORGAN ($2.50) is one of the oldest and best methods. Widely known and used.

CLARKE'S $1 INSTRUCTOR FOR REED ORGANS, is an abbreviated but very good method for beginners.

WINNER'S NEW SCHOOL FOR CABINET ORGAN (75 cts.) is the cheapest, and an excellent easy instruction book.

ORGAN AT HOME, ($2.50 bds.; $3 cl.; $4 gilt) has 200 well known Reed Organ pieces.

☞ Either book mailed, post-free, for retail price.

OLIVER DITSON & CO., Boston.
C. H. Ditson & Co., 711 Broadway, New York, **J. E. Ditson & Co.** Successors to Lee & Walker, Phila.
feb10-4t

A PAPER FOR THE PEOPLE.

THE LOUISVILLE
COURIER - JOURNAL.

Largest, Best and Cheapest Family Paper in the United States.

EDITED BY
HENRY WATTERSON.

The COURIER-JOURNAL is a combination (made in 1868) of three old Louisville papers, viz.: the **Journal**, established in 1826; the **Courier**, in 1843; and the **Democrat** in 1844. Its reputation is national, as well as its circulation, and it is pronounced one of the ablest, spiciest, wittiest, strongest, and best arranged papers in the world; its matter being especially adapted to the Merchant, the Farmer, Ladies and Children.

TO AGENTS AND CLUBS.

Extraordinary inducements in the way of cash commissions and valuable premiums are offered to Agents and Clubs.

Valuable standard **Books**, including a new edition of **Prentice's Poems**, almost given away to new subscribers.

Any of the popular **Magazines** and **Papers** of the day, furnished in combination with the **COURIER-JOURNAL** at much less than subscription rates.

A SPLENDID MAP OF THE SOUTH,

Size 21x32 inches, handsomely colored, varnished and hung on rollers, retail price, $2; mailed free to subscribers to the **WEEKLY COURIER-JOURNAL**, one year, for **$2.25.**

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

Daily Courier-Journal, per year, $12.00
Sunday Courier-Journal, per year, 2.00
Weekly Courier-Journal, per year, 2.00

Clubs of five at $1.70; of ten at $1.50; and of twenty and over at $1.30 each.

[Postage in all cases prepaid by the Proprietors.]

Specimen copies, lists of Books and Magazines, and Descriptive Circulars, sent free on application.

Letters should be addressed to
W. N. HALDEMAN,
President Courier-Journal Co.,
LOUISVILLE, KY.

$39 Each week to Agents, Goods Staple. 10,000 testimonials received. Terms liberal. Particulars free. J. Worth & Co. St. Louis, Mo.
nov1

New Advertisements. | New Advertisements.

CONDENSED STATEMENT
—OF THE—
MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
OF NEW YORK.

F. S. WINSTON, PRESIDENT.

For the Year ending December 31st, 1876.

REVENUE ACCOUNT.

Dr.		Cr.	
To Balance from last account	$75,414,923 42	By paid Death and Endowment Claims	$4,459,458 52
" Premiums received	15,136,703 36	" " Annuities	24,611 49
" Interest and Rents	4,878,280 34	" " Dividends	3,701,700 34
		" " Surrendered Policies and Additions	6,319,785 21
		" " Commissions (payment of Current and extinguishment of future)	676,967 49
		" " Contingent Guarantee account	56,160 85
		" " Expenses and Taxes	664,302 35
		Balance to New Account	79,536,900 87
	$95,429,887 12		$95,429,887 12

BALANCE SHEET.

Dr.		Cr.	
To Reserve at four per cent	$77,502,062 00	By Mortgages on Real Estate	$60,856,200 18
" Claims by Death, not yet due	610,750 00	" United States and State Bonds, etc.	12,673,589 33
" Premiums paid in advance	24,372 43	" Real Estate	1,266,345 40
" Contingent Guarantee Fund	634,842 59	" Cash in Banks and Trust Companies	2,183,001 73
" Surplus for Division	3,568,161 57	at interest	1,322,284 16
		" Interest accrued	923,332 90
		" Premiums deferred, quarterly and semi-annual	
		" Premiums in transit, principally for December	137,195 10
		Balances due by Agents	18,349 70
	$82,360,188 59		$82,360,188 59

Premiums deferred and in transit in the foregoing Balance Sheet, have been subjected to a deduction of twenty-five per cent., by the Insurance Department, for the estimated cost of collecting the same. See Official Report below.

THE REPORT OF THE EXAMINATION
—BY—
THE INSURANCE DEPARTMENT.

HON. WM. SMYTH,
Acting Superintendent New York Insurance Department:

In accordance with instructions received from you under appointment Number 363, I report the completion of the examination into the affairs of The Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York.

Made at a time when the annual investigation by the Trustees—as called for by the company's charter—was in progress, the work was considerably facilitated by each Department representative acting with one of the said Trustees, thus giving a double force with a check that was invaluable as to the correctness of the labor performed.

The valuations of the Policies in force have been made in the Department under the supervision of Mr. D. H. Keefer, our Actuary, and have occupied his attention with that of the rest of our actuarial force not engaged in New York.

The investments of the company, with other admissable assets, make a total of $82,076,706.87.

That the Company has been successfully managed is everywhere conceded; and it is very necessary that the custodians of this sacred trust fund should be men eminently competent to guard zealously the moneys that in the future afford the protection guaranteed by contracts with the holders of ninety-two thousand one hundred and twenty-five policies.

The Company does not need any other endorsement by the Department than is shown in the assets and liabilities enumerated below, exhibiting a surplus, as regards policy-holders, of $10,382,879.44.

A schedule giving in detail the information necessary for valuations of property, verification of title, &c., of each of the seven thousand one hundred and fifty-six (7,156) mortgages, has been compiled, and with a list of uncollected and deferred premiums is now on file in the Department.

The following was the condition of the Company on December 31st, 1876.

ASSETS.

	Par value.	Market value.	
Real Estate			$4,266,345 40
Bonds and mortgages			60,856,200 18
Stocks and Bonds.			
U. S. Bonds, registered	$7,473,500	$7,307,346 62	
New York City bonds, registered	2,405,000	2,412,587 50	
Boston Water bonds, registered	500,000	556,250 00	
Providence, R. I., bonds, registered	500,000	537,500 00	
Cherry Valley Town bonds	50,000	50,000 00	
City of Yonkers bonds	118,000	128,320 00	
Buffalo City bonds	140,500	148,417 50	
Elmira City bonds	56,000	57,635 00	
Missouri State bonds	215,000	225,023 00	
San Francisco bonds	500,000	537,528 71	
Union Co., N. J., bonds	14,000	14,735 00	
Plainfield, N. J., bonds	1,500	1,500 00	
	$12,953,550	$12,673,589 33	12,673,589 33
Cash in bank and trust companies			2,183,001 73
Interest due and accrued			1,322,284 16
Net uncollected and deferred premiums			795,386 97
Total admitted assets			$82,076,706 87

LIABILITIES.

Net value of outstanding policies and additions	$71,031,205 00
Unpaid losses not yet due (including resisted claims)	758,250 00
Premiums paid in advance	24,372 43
Total liabilities	$71,813,827 43
Surplus as regards policy holders	10,262,879 44
Aggregate	$82,076,706 87

All of which is respectfully submitted,

JOHN A. McCALL, Jr.,
Deputy Superintendent.

The Superintendent in person was present during the examination of the United States securities, bonds and mortgages and other stocks and bonds owned by the Company, and took part in said examination. His desires to join with his Deputy in assuring the public that the system of management and accuracy of detail, as well as the checks and individual responsibilities imposed on each person who has anything to do with the loaning or investing the funds of the Company, command his most hearty approval. The President and all other officers of the Company were most prompt and courteous in affording every information; while so perfect is the organization of each department that any special item required was at once furnished with all the necessary and satisfactory vouchers. This will account for the fact that a corporation of such vast magnitude and importance could be fully and satisfactorily examined in a few weeks, which, under ordinary circumstances would have required as many months. WILLIAM SMYTH, Acting Superintendent.

AMOS D. SMITH 3d, General Agent,
18 SEARS BUILDING, BOSTON.
feb17-1t

A NEW YEAR'S GIFT TO SUBSCRIBERS

A $5 NEW YEAR'S GIFT GIVEN AWAY!

To Every Subscriber of This Paper!

Consisting of the beautiful and valuable Steel Engraving, entitled

"CHRIST IN THE TEMPLE!"

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MASSACHUSETTS PLOUGHMAN AND NEW ENGLAND JOURNAL OF AGRICULTURE, -- BOSTON, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 17, 1877.

The Poet's Corner.

UP AND BE DOING.

BY W. R. BARBER.

Rail not at Fortune, when she proves unkind,
But wisdom learn from failure to extract;
And while preserving an unruffled mind,
In the next effort use a keener tact.

O'er what is past 'tis idle to lament;
Up and be doing, waste no precious hours:
In vain repining let no time be spent,—
To fresh endeavor summon all your powers.

Whoever garnered wealth, or fame acquired,
That when defeat some cherished plan o'ertook
From the fair field of industry retired
Even for a space, to growl at his "ill luck?"

Not upon "luck" depends a life's success,
'Tis energy and foresight win the day:
They who these useful attributes possess
Earth's richest prizes ever bear away.

Then rouse your dormant energies once more,
And follow fortune till you've caught the jade;
Your former failures one and all ignore,
And in the chase be joyous Hope your aid.

Ladies' Department.

WHY KITTY DID NOT KILL HERSELF.

Miss Kitty Gibson, aged nineteen, eyes blue, complexion peachy, health perfect, had made up her mind to die.

This decision had been reached after much deep reflection, some sharp twinges of regret, and a fierce conflict with conscience; nevertheless, it had been reached with unalterable firmness. Perhaps a physiognomist would have declared that firmness was not a quality of mind possessed by Miss Kitty Gibson, and by so declaring he would have proved simply the absurdity of his own science. What though her chin was not square and angular, after the manner of Joan of Arc's—did that indicate a lack of courage, self-reliance, or determination? May not blue eyes sometimes look out from as fathomless depths as black? And may not a fixed resolution form itself in the breast of a pretty, peachy-cheeked girl of nineteen as well as in the maturer bosoms of aquiline-nosed maidens? Thus would Kitty Gibson have reasoned with any physiognomist who might have dared to intrude his obnoxious arguments upon her, as she sat, on a certain winter's day, gazing out of the kitchen window.

The question of a speedy death had been settled beyond all quibble or doubt; and it remained now only to decide upon the style of suicidal proclivities to determine what means she should employ to consummate her design. A pistol would be quick and effective, but there wasn't a pistol in the house. Poison, particularly strychnine, presented itself to her mind as a Mecca for all death-coveing maidens; but there was the difficulty of procuring the drug—if such existed. Ah! What would Hiram Griswold think if she were to go to the village store and ask him for an ounce of strychnine? And would one ounce be enough? She might hang herself in the barn, but that was more properly a masculine method of self-destruction. She might cut her throat with Uncle Randolph's razor, but for a lingering recollection of the difficulty she had experienced in sharpening lead-pencils with that venerable instrument. Besides, such a plan would disfigure her dreadfully, and she desired, above all things, to be a neat and comely-looking corpse. There was yet another way open to her, and that was the river. This impressed her more favorably than either pistol or poison, rope or razor. Even such sensible heroines as those whose figure in George Eliot's novels were given to watery graves, and drowning seemed at once the simplest, the most agreeable, and the most romantic method of putting an end to her burdensome existence. The river it should be—the broad, swift Connecticut, which flowed within half a mile of Uncle Randolph's house, and which seemed at that precise moment to be flowing more prettily niece, designed by Providence to afford her a moist and peaceful exit from this dry and warring world. She would drown herself just as soon as the ice melted. And this weighty question having been decided, Miss Kitty Gibson rose up from her seat, filled the tea-kettle with water, and replenished the fire with a stick of wood.

Excepting that he looked a trifle over nineteen, with comfortable homes and good digestions, do not make up their minds to drown themselves without a cause. I will not say without sufficient cause, since that might plunge me into a defense of suicide under possible conditions—a line of argument which no Christian story-teller would care to follow. Kitty Gibson was not insane, but she believed that circumstances rendered excusable the step she was about to take, that is, a step into the Connecticut River. Called upon to analyze and explain these circumstances, she would have brought forth as the result of her self-searching, first, love unreciprocated; next, pride deeply wounded; and last, a heart which she believed to be broken so hopelessly that not even the river could cement could mend it. A month before, Kitty Gibson was the happiest as well as the prettiest girl in the State of Connecticut; at least that is what everybody who knew her said, and no doubt that is what Kitty herself thought, although she did not, of course, acknowledge the fact to others. A month before, she was counting the days until the spring, until the dawn of that blossomy May when she was to be married. What was it that had turned the thoughts of this young lady from bridal veils to poisons, pistols, and other horrible subjects? What could it be, except a quarrel with Jack? Obviously, nothing. Obviously, Kitty and Jack had quarreled.

Now there are Jacks and Jacks in this world, but with the single exception of Jack Burroughs, Kitty Gibson cared nothing for the whole pack of Jacks. He was her right bower, with which she fully intended to play life's game, and make all the points desirable. That, at least, had been her intentions a month before. But now—now, alas! she had turned him down. The mustard seed from which had sprung this many-branched tree of misery had taken root at Helen Clapp's party. Indeed, Helen herself might be termed the seed. With Helen Jack had danced the opening reel, which everybody knew was a shocking breach of etiquette. He ought to have danced it with Kitty, as his affianced bride. Like the spirited young woman she was, Kitty Gibson punished her lover by accepting an invitation to supper from Cyrus Phelps. Jack was dumbfounded at this behavior, while Kitty enjoyed her triumph, and ate her ice-cream demurely. It is to be presumed that Cyrus Phelps was not the most agreeable of companions; that his range of conversation was limited to the weather and to the condition of the roads; and that, whenever he attempted to strike out into broader fields, he lost himself completely in the marshes of grammar and the pitfalls of language. Kitty did not care for herself then; it was not because of Jack that her face flushed and her hands trembled. What was Jack to her now? Had he not sent back her letters and picture, and kept away from her for a whole month? And was she not a heart broken maiden, resolved to die as soon as the ice in the Connecticut River melted? These thoughts whirled through her brain as she fastened a bit of white lace at her throat—lace which Aunt Charity had once worn, when knitting was not her sole aim in life—and took a final peep at her pretty self in the double sectioned mirror. That peep must have been eminently satisfactory. At all events, it made her conscious of her beauty, and caused her to forget the terrible letter lying between the pages of the dictionary down stairs.

When Kitty went into the sitting room to announce that "supper was ready," she saluted Jack with chilling politeness, and addressed him as "Mr. Burroughs." That ought to have stabbed the young man to the heart, but it didn't. He looked very grave, to be sure, and called her "Miss Gibson," but there was the old roughish twinkle in his gray eyes, and Kitty detected at once that, under his assumed gayety, there was a desire, restrained only by continual exertion, to burst out laughing. Naturally this vexed the young lady to a degree where tears would have been a sweet relief. It was not enough, then, that this wicked, deceitful, cruel Jack should make a plaything of her heart, but he must needs exult over his atrocious conduct. Kitty could have cried with a relish, but she remembered her letter and her resolution to die, and so, in lieu of tears, she drew solace from that grim thought.

At the supper table Jack was unusually talkative. He complimented Miss Martha upon the excellence of her flaky biscuits, and emphasized his appreciation by eating half a dozen of them; he expressed his cordial sympathy with Uncle Randolph's desire to kick the tribe of Marshalls, and evinced a deep interest in the plot of the story which Tom Turner had just devoured; he shouted the praises of Aunt Charity's knitting in tones so lusty that the old lady was made to hear, albeit she was wont to declare herself "no proper deef ahe could'nt hear anything," and as for Kitty, this wicked Jack bombarded her with such a volley of interrogatories that she was forced into an unwilling conversation. When the meal was at an end, Kitty persisted in helping Miss Martha wash the dishes.

"You'll only hinder me," expostulated the elder maiden, "and besides, you've got on your best dress. Go into the sitting-room and entertain Jack."

But the younger maiden was fixed in her purpose. So she went to her room to don her apron, and left Jack to entertain himself.

Thereupon, the heir of the house of Burroughs picked up a bulky volume and sat down by the open fire in the sitting-room. The bulky volume proved to be Webster's Dictionary, which careless Kitty had thrown on the table on her first hasty retreat from the kitchen. Jack turned over the leaves listlessly until he came to a sheet of paper written upon in a chirography pleasantly familiar. Of course it was highly improper for him to read that paper, yet as a chronicler of simple facts I am forced to record that he did read it. And this is what it contained:

"To dear Uncle Randolph, and all who love me:

"I have determined to drown myself, because I am tired of life. My heart is broken, and I can see no relief except in death. Forgive me for what I am about to do, and I shall pray God to forgive me also. I do not want to live and suffer as I have suffered"—

Here the words "since Jack" were scratched out, and in their stead was written, "during the past—" (a blank to be filled in when the ice should thaw).

"I forgive every body. I hope you will not mourn for me, nor remember my melancholy end, because I do not deserve it. With love to you and to dear Aunt Martha and Aunt Charity and Tom, I remain,

"Your heart-broken KATE.

How many times Jack read and re-read this singular document will never be known, but when Kitty entered the room, a quarter of an hour later, he was still sitting with the dictionary upon his knees and the paper in his hand.

"I thought Uncle Randolph was here," said Kitty, hesitating whether to remain or not, and failing to observe what it was that so absorbed Jack's attention. He turned with a start, as though first conscious of her presence, and thrust the sheet of paper back into the volume. Then he said, very gravely.

"Your uncle is not here, Kitty. Won't you be seated? I want to talk with you."

Kitty sat down upon the high-backed sofa, and fell to studying the figures in the carpet. Jack went over and took a seat by her side. She did not notice that he held the dictionary under his right arm.

"Kitty," said Jack, with becoming solemnity, "I do not believe that you have been very happy during the past month, have you?"

Kitty's lip began to tremble, but she answered desperately, "Why shouldn't I have been happy?"

"Because," replied the candid Jack, "you have not had me to torment you."

"You mean to say that I cannot be happy without you, Mr. Burroughs?" Kitty was still gazing intently at the carpet, so that she did not see the smile that played about Jack's mouth as he answered,

"Yes, I have reason to believe that without me you would be very miserable."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Kitty. "I should like to know what right you have to believe that?"

"Well, Kitty, I judge you by myself. I have been wretched ever since the night of that unfortunate party. I made up my mind yesterday to swallow my pride and come here and ask you to forget and forgive. We were both to blame, although the fault, no doubt, was mine to begin with."

"If you have been wretched, as you say," rejoined Kitty, her eyes still fixed on the floor, "why didn't you go to Helen Clapp? You would surely have found comfort there."

"Nonsense, Kitty! I care nothing for Helen Clapp—no more than you do for Cyrus Phelps. I haven't seen her, nor have I wanted to see her, since the night of the party."

"You take it for granted, I presume, that I will overlook all that has happened without a word."

"I did not take it for granted, Kitty, until—"

"Until what?" Here the young lady turned her eyes suddenly upon Jack, and discovered for the first time the volume under his arm. "What is that book?" she demanded, blushing scarlet.

"That," returned Jack, with a tantalizing composure—"that is Webster's Dictionary. While you were engaged in washing the dishes I was improving the time by a study—"

"Give it to me this instant!" demanded Kitty, springing to her feet.

Jack handed her the volume without a word. She snatched it impetuously, and turned over the leaves until she came to the letter.

"You have read it!" she exclaimed, crumpling the sheet of paper in her hand.

"If you mean your farewell epistle," rejoined Jack, gravely, "I have."

"Why, Jack!" And thereupon Kitty threw herself upon the sofa and, with her face buried in the cushion, began to sob convulsively.

And what did Jack do? Perhaps he drew her to his side and told her what a very, very wicked girl she was to think of drowning her pretty self. Perhaps he repeated to her, for the thousandth time at least, the story of his love, which had grown and deepened during a month of self-inflicted torture, and which was dearer to him than all else in life except the fame and fortune, or even the Phi Beta Kappa key which he had won at Yale. Perhaps he soothed her with soft words, and rested her head upon his breast, and convinced her that, after all, she had much to live for in this world, and that her heart was not so seriously shattered as she had fancied. Perhaps, even, he kissed her; but that is a matter of conjecture.

Whatever Jack may have done, this much I know to be a fact: when the ice in the river thawed, Kitty did not throw herself into the waters of the Connecticut. And when the blossomy May came round, she blushed prettily because people called her "Mrs. Burroughs."—*Harper's Bazar.*

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How often are we asked the reason for the ring being usually placed upon the fourth finger. The ring finger is more or less protected by the other fingers, and it owes to this circumstance a comparative immunity from injury, as well, probably, as the privilege of being selected to bear the ring in matrimony. The left hand is chosen for a similar reason; a ring placed upon it would be less likely to be damaged than it would be upon the right hand. The ancients, however, are said to have selected it from a notion that the ring finger is connected with the heart by means of some particular nerve or vessel, which renders it more favorable for the reception and transmission of sympathetic impressions, the left hand being selected because it lies nearer the heart; but of course the antagonist finds no structure to account for this impression.

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The cost of such preliminaries in this country is of no consequence; but, while so much deliberation and formality as will insure the previous knowledge of the parents and immediate family that a marriage is intended should never be dispensed with, and authenticated records of such events should be preserved, the law should exact nothing which unnecessarily wounds the sensibility or offends the innate modesty of the young.—*N. Y. Ledger.*

LOVE.

BY JOHN BROUGHAM.

Love is a monarch eternal,
His temple the souls of mankind;
Ever his chaplet is vernal,
His freedom no senate can bind.

Love is a peerless magician,
Beauty his mystical spell—
Never the voice of sedition
Against him has dared to rebel.

Jupiter's temples are shattered,
Iris to ruin is hurled;
Love still is worshiped and flattered,
Love is the prince of the world!

ONLY ONE MAN.

A STORY OF ROBERT CHARLES CALDWELL.

One of the most remarkable stories of Mission Life which I have ever heard refers to South India, as it was some forty years ago. At that time European influence was not anything like so potent as it now is. There were very few missionaries from Europe living amongst the people in the remoter rural districts; and the congregations by which these missionaries were surrounded were numerically weak, and were chiefly composed of very poor people, with little or no influence among the wealthy and higher caste Hindoos. Most of the Pariah population was in a state of servitude to the Brahmins; and numerous other castes, such as the Shanars, were much in the same condition. A very large portion of the lands in the most fertile rice districts belonged to the temples. If a ryot (or small cultivator) on temple lands presumed to think for himself, and became a Christian, woe betide him! He was frequently ejected at once from his home, and might consider himself fortunate if he were not well cudgeled into the bargain, and had to fly suddenly at dead of night from a band of "*Maravers*," or watchmen, of the "Thief-Caste," employed as local emissaries by Brahmins, who would alit the ears of the thief if caught (a very common minious punishment in Southern India), and rip off her earrings, armlets, and anklets. For a man of high caste to become a Christian was almost wholly unknown, except in the larger towns. In the rural districts the law for the poor man was, that he should be of the same religion as his master, and pay tithes to the temple at which his master worshipped and in the proceeds of the land or farming to which he had, generally, a peculiar interest. A very great deal, though not all, of this is changed now. Of all parts of India, Southern India is being most thoroughly permeated by the influences of European civilization. The missionary in Tinnevelly and Travancore has really more power to-day than any local government authority. It is true he cannot punish, or tax, or legally arbitrate; but he *knows* the people; his knowledge in this case is power; and the moral force he can exert, if he be a pious and able man, is simply irresistible. Yet, on the outskirts of mission districts, there are slaves still—men and women too ignorant to avail themselves of freedom, even if they knew it was in their power to obtain it for the asking. But this is comparatively normal half a century ago.

At that time there was a rich Brahmin, named Paranjothi, living in a village on the side of the lower embankment of a great tank or lake. The fields beneath the lake were irrigated by the waters which flowed through the sluices of stone set in the embankment. Half of these fields belonged to the temple, half to Paranjothi. (Paranjothi is a common Tamil name, signifying "Heavenly Brightness." Orientals love high-sounding names, and one of the commonest names for a poor laborer to bear is that of *Muttuswami, i. e.*, "Pearl God!") Paranjothi was a very old man, very quiet and meek, an easy master, and had about seventy men who regarded him much as the slaves, worked in the rice fields and plantain gardens for him, and kept themselves and their families by the share they were allowed to have in the produce of the lands. The temple priests and the Brahmins of the village looked up to Paranjothi as their head man. But it was his wealth more than his position which caused him to be so. He was supposed to be astute enough to be a Hindoo worthy of all admiration. He was playfully called by many "The Old Child," whilst some more cynically expressed their opinion of the mild, easy-going man, by naming him "The Good Pariah." Paranjothi smiled good humoredly at all this. His servants liked him; he performed the duties of Brahmin regularly; bathed daily, repeating the sacred *mantras*, or axiomatic prayers; and worshipped Vishnu, in his various Avatars or incarnations. He was a devoted admirer of the wonderful Preserver, Crishna, he of the sapphire countenance—Rama, the perfection of manly beauty, and the invincible warrior who tore his bride, the lovely Sita, from the embraces of the execrable Ravana.

The delight of the old man's life was to hear the wandering minstrels, which even to-day are so common in India, recite the grand episodes of the *Ramayana*—the story of the monkey-god, *Hanuman*, who leaped over with one single bound from India and Ceylon—and the building of Adam's bridge, and the rest. What a wonderful god Vishnu was! How all his Avatars aided gods and men! How fierce he could be, yet how loveable! How he doted on him, and how his foes dreaded him! How exquisitely cunning he was! What Hindoo does not like shrewdness and cunning and guile? St. Chrysostom never, in his famous plea for "catching men by guile," could have felt a deeper sympathy with that certain "management," as theologians love euphemistically to call it—than the Hindoo has for ingenuity; not ingenuity necessarily in a bad cause, but simply ingenuity in itself. Was not Vishnu the supreme Lord of ingenuity? Here old Paranjothi would call for a minstrel, and bid him, after a feast upon plantains and pulse and honey and fruits and milk, recite the story of the Dwarf Avatar—how the tyrant king was about to subjugate gods and men, and how the Redeemer Vishnu, in the form of a dwarf, asked him to give him just as much territory as he could compass by three strides. And the minstrel would sing how the tyrant laughingly granted the seemingly absurd request to the little dwarf, who suddenly sprung up, the first foot on earth, the second in heaven, and reasserted the lordship of the pantheon over the Universe—all save hell, to which the tyrant was relegated!

Thus passed away the quiet days of the mild old Brahmin. He loved his fields, he loved his cows, he loved his songs, and his dim, dreamy religion; till, rather suddenly, Paranjothi began to grow restless and not quite satisfied with himself. Outwardly he seemed just the same as ever, inwardly he was a changed man.

The village that Paranjothi lived in was, as is very usual in India, composed of three-quarters. In one the Brahmins lived. They had their own street, their own well. In another part of the village lived the Sudras, and other middle classes, chiefly shopkeepers, who resided in somewhat substantial houses lining the bazar. Away to one side, in a low, dirty neighborhood, higgle-depiggletty together, rose the huts forming the greater part of the village, a hundred and forty or so, with the average of quite six souls to a hut. Here lived the Pariahs, many of whom would not scruple to feed on carrion, and who had few ideas in their heads but to eat, drink, sleep, and worship the she-devil who lived in a hut near them, under a huge banyan tree, and sent them occasionally small-pox, fever, elephantiasis, and cholera.

It happened that for a year or two a man with a white face, and a huge pith hat over his head—that, too, topped by a huge white umbrella—had been quietly going about in the neighborhood. He had sometimes visited the "Parcherry," or portion of the village where the Pariahs lived. He was generally accompanied by two or three respectable, quiet men, who soon made friends with the Pariahs. The white man generally visited the Brahmins, and seemed especially to like the society of Paranjothi. The converse was about general things—the weather, the crops, the great English ships that moved through the water without sails, the benefits of being able to read poems instead of having minstrels to recite them, the manners and customs of far lands, the electric telegraph, more wonderful to the Brahmin than even the Dwarf Avatar of Vishnu, and the rest. All this was at a time when easy-going Paranjothi was as happy and contented as ever. During this time, somehow or another, the Pariah quarters of the village were undergoing a gradual change. The houses were looking cleaner; a thatched hut used to be frequented by little children learning the Tamil alphabet. The devil-temple was falling into ruins, and sacrifices there were rarer. The slaves worked harder, and there were less frequent drunken fights. Gradually Pananjothi and the other Brahmins began to notice the change, but as it did not affect them, but only those half animal Pariahs, they said and did nothing.

In a month or two it became a different case, however, with Pananjothi. His talks with the white man began to be more frequent. Religion used to become, somehow or another, the dominant theme of conversation. Krishna began to grow dim in the old Brahmin's eyes, and Christ to dawn with brightening glory upon him, as—so it first seemed to him—the best God, after all, out of many other gods. Then a doubt in the reality of numbers of gods began to shake the old man's faith. With doubt came uneasiness. Had he really been the "Old Child," which his neighbors called him, all his long life through, in the matter of his belief in fables as if they were facts? Then, somehow or other, the white man's religion just suited his tastes. He liked to hear of peace and good will and quietness and a forgiving spirit. It was certainly something strange for Christ to think these things worth anything; for was not good and evil said by the holy Hindoo books to be "divine sport," and the plan and pleasures of mankind to be merely "*tirn vilesyattu*" i. e., "good play?" The morality of Christianity was certainly one of the most wonderful things about it, even more wonderful than steam and electricity! The idea of an omnipotent God in the supreme hour of anguish forgiving His enemies after having, in the Parcherry with quite a hundred or so of skilled workmen—bricklayers, carpenters, stonemasons, and the rest. The Brahmins were amazed. Paranjothi smiled and told them that the burnt but was on his land, and that he had given the land there to the white man to build upon. The fact was, the Brahmin had given more than a thousand rupees, on condition that before the week was out a small, rough church, of the best kind possible to be erected in so short a space of time, should be raised on the site of the old mud hut!

The workmen worked with a will. They were to have extra pay. They were chiefly Christian workmen from neighboring villages, and their heart was, in every sense, in their work.

The temple Brahmins were beside themselves with fury. They threatened Paranjothi. But this wouldn't exactly do. The old man was one of their class, was widely known, and had influential connections. So they determined upon another plan of action, angrily lamenting the mad, easy-going ness of their brother Brahmin.

On Friday night the rude little church was finished. The white man, carelessly as it were, told the temple Brahmins that at noon on Sunday—or, as he expressed it, 'the seventh day after these people of yours rested last—*agiruwal.*"—DAY OF REST, as we call it'—he would be in the church, and would be glad to see them there, together with their Pariah slaves! They gnashed their teeth, spat on the ground, and turned away speechless with anger. On Saturday every Pariah man and woman was informed that the temple priests had sworn an awful oath to their gods that *the first body of the village that dared to enter the church on Sunday would not leave it alive.*

The watchman who gave the message came back laughing, and telling of the consternation of the poor, timid folk, many of whom bore the bruises of the Sunday previous on their bodies. 'No fear,' they said, 'of any singing to-morrow.' The Pariahs were certainly ignorant, and a long time of systematic oppression had cowed them thoroughly. They had stood blows, but they preferred not to be killed.

Sunday morning came, and brightened into noon. The white man and his assistants entered the church. He waited some time. A number of temple Brahmins stood under a tree a little way off. The whole population of the Parcherry stood grouped between their huts, and half round the church, looking to see what venturesome soul would break the spell, and dare the threat of the priests.

The man began to slope westward.

It was a curious sight. There was a crowd of many hundreds forming a semicircle round a door which none dared enter.

There was a sudden, many-toned cry.

Paranjothi stepped up in front of the door. He was smiling, but it was a very stern smile indeed.

"My friends," he said to the Pariahs, "come along, walk in with me, and hear what the good white-faced man has to say. I SHALL WALK IN FIRST!"

The whole crowd of Pariahs shouted, and moved a little toward the door.

"Stop a moment," said Paranjothi, for the first time in his life frowning and speaking bitter words: "I have a word to say to those of my fellow Brahmins there who call me 'The Child,' and even 'The Calf.' You cowards! You threaten and maltreat these poor ignorant people, and swear to murder them! Murder me, if you dare! I—a Brahmin of the Brahmins—am going to become a Christian just now! I am going to be baptized, to lay aside my sacred string, and to sit beside the Pariah! Simply for your own sakes I tell you that you had better not injure me or these people. We have a right to worship as we please, just as you have a right to worship as you please. The strong government of the white-faces has been informed of what is going to be done to-day, and of your threats, and it has promised to protect us if need be. So beware! Live peaceably and do not molest those who think differently from you."

The temple Brahmins slunk away. They were thoroughly cowed by the stern and haughty bearing and fiery words of a man who had ever been known as the mildest-mannered of men, and who had never frowned or said a harsh word before.

But now Par njothi was smiling again, as, summoning the Pariahs, he walked into the church.

The Pariahs flocked in after him. The church was crowded in every nook. Old men took their grandchildren, and let them sit on their shoulders. Women's heads darkened the windows all round.

Before the white man knelt Paranjothi.

He himself took off his sacred string and handed it to the missionary.

Then the water of baptism flowed over the Brahmin's brows, which before had only known the chalk-marks indicative of the Vaiohnava votary.

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Many years passed away. Of course Paranjothi was regarded as an outcast by all the Brahmins. His kith and kin shunned him. But he and the Pariahs were left much more alone than might have been expected. And the village flourished and grew. And well-born and well-educated Christians settled on Paranjothi's lands. And in the fullness of time the quiet old man, who had only once frowned, and once let a fiery speech pass his lips, passed away to the other land. And they say that he fell into his last, long sleep with that well-known sweet smile of his on his lips.

OUR DOUBLE RIDE.

A TALE OF THE PACIFIC COAST.

BY E. V. BLAKE.

A dull, gray evening gloaming down over a gray sea. A long, wet stretch of shell-strewn sand curving below high sandy bluffs, down whose abrupt face a zigzag pathway descended from the plains above. I took no trouble to dismount. Cheveignac climbed like a cat, and so I kept his back as best I could during the descent.

"I say, Ralf, you'll go over his head if you keep on in that fashion," said Herries from the bluff.

"Not I."

A slip, a slide, a rush of yielding sand, and, Cheveignac taking things easy in a sitting posture.

"Never you mind, my boy; my horse and I are one, Centaur fashion, and we are certain to come out right side up."

A whisk, a scamper, a bound down the last slope, supplemented my remark, and my black trotted, head up, for the breakers.

Now if there was any one thing for which Cheveignac had a mania, it was salt-water bathing; and I stood at that moment a fair chance for being well ducked. Herries laughed and hallooed from the bluff, and I used all my authority in vain. Cheveignac had not achieved perfect training; he had his fractious moments, quite like the human beings of his acquaintance.

It was directly made manifest that I must dismount or be carried into the breakers. I got my feet out of the stirrups in haste, rolled over his tail, and—landed waist-deep in froth and foam.

I heard Herries' scream of laughter as he passed half way down the path, holding his horse's bridle. Fatal calculations! The next moment brown Meg's feet slipped from under her. A great rush of sand overwhelmed biped and quadruped; struggling, kicking, and half smothered they rolled together to the foot of the bluffs.

Herries got up with sand in his boots, down his back, up his sleeves, in his hair, eyes, nose and mouth. I splashed my way out on the beach and laughed in my turn at brown Meg and her master, who emitted in concert sundry indescribable noises between a cough and a sneeze.

"Well, my fine fellow, when you have recovered gravity we will resume our journey. Precious nonsense!" added Herries, "to come down here at all! We might have skirted the bluffs at a respectable distance and not cut all these antics."

"And gone three miles round Cobham Gully—since we couldn't fly across! Pshaw, man; you're not hurt, and I've the worst of the bargain, after all. Now to get round Helmet Rock before the tide turns."

I whistled to Cheveignac, who came shore-ward rolling and plunging like some black sea-monster. He was dripping wet, but the lower half of my body was quite agreed with him, so I sprung to the saddle and cared naught. We rode seaward down the long narrow promontory round the base of Helmet Rock, which was only passable at low water. The rock itself rose sheer eighty feet from the sand, and intersected the smooth stretch of beach that lay between us and the cabin of a frontiers-man named Nixon, where we hoped to find accommodation for the night. Neither of us knew the way, save as directed by an old miner at Calsaba.

Cheveignac, taking superb strides around the corner of the rock, and breathing additional exhilaration in every breath of the wild sea wind, nearly ran over a tall, dark man standing on the narrow way and scanning the horizon with a face of painful anxiety. I reined up, apologized, and inquired if the stranger's name was Nixon; for I saw not two hundred yards away a long low cabin in the shelter of a huge rock. He said it was; and in one sharp comprehensive glance of scrutiny took us and our animals from head to heel.

"Can you accommodate us with food and shelter to-night?" Nixon paused. "You're from New England?" he observed, more in the fashion of a remark than a question. And he thrust his hands in his pockets and appeared to consider